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AWAY, TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

Go to the field, ye bold and brave,
Where cannon's peal
And clash of steel,
Are echoed o'er the distant wave—
Ye Spartan exiles,
By despots felt:
Go, on to the field ye brave,
Ye where the foemen, in dread array,
Undaunted move,
With roar and flame,
To assert a haughty monarch's sway:
Thy country bleeds—
Columbia needs
Each patriot's arm in battle fray.
Then buckle on the armour bright,
And 'neath its lance,
The plume shall wave,
While foremost in the gallant fight.
A sacred cause—
Thy country's laws—
Shall nerve thy arm to deeds of might.
Then away to the field ye brave,
Where cannon's peal
And clash of steel,
Are echoed o'er the distant wave—
With life-blood dyed,
Thy banner rear,
Upon the proud invader's grave.

W. T. T.

From the Casket.

THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD.

The wan hour when the sick of daily cares
Is laid by choice to take his favorite walk
Beneath death's glooms, where cypress shades,
Dispersed by vanity's fantastic eye,
To mar his accommodation to watch his dust—
While his reades and shrubs nursing the tombs.

Young's Night Thoughts.

At evening eve, as fades the parting day,
And the bright sun sinks in the western sky,
And every little flower doth close its eye,
And village children leave their noisy play,
And softer light hears and more solemn hour,
And the most luxurious slowly wend their way,
To their own cots to hush and fall asleep—
I love to wander, unnoticed and alone,
Where mingled generations mouldering sleep.
A solemn vigil, eternal, still and deep,
And o'er each mound the waving wild grass grows
On crystal vases humanity creeps,
And sculptur'd urns, planted in a row,
Which in sad mockery seem to weep
To mark the dark and ruddy latticed stones,
Which here and there like aborted spectres stand,
And tells where rests an aged father's bones,
Or youthful daughters, loveliest in the land;
Or where a sister or beloved son,
Or infant merely erapt to misery wielding hands.
And in some such, apart from all the rest,
To view the mother's sad untimely grave,
Whose bloody hand, did in an hour unblest,
Cut short that life the great Creator gave,
To quench the burning torments of his breast,
In blood obtain's calm untroubled wave.
If fated such, the thou no tear was shed—
No friends nor kindred gathered round thy bier,
Nor morning train, with slow and solemn tread
And murdered wall, walked in thy coffin's rear;
And none with flowers to deck thy early bed,
Or to thy memory heave the sigh sincere.
But some kind few, whose ever generous breasts,
Touched by the fate, with tender pity glowed,
Laid thee all gently in thy place of rest,
And o'er thy remains this rude stone bestowed,
To tell the stranger where thine ashes lay,
Unwept, unhallowed, waiting in decay.

Thither he came, with sad dejected air,
And sunken eye, and dim and clouded brow,
And first look of recoil, deep despair,
That cold his heart had learned to bow
At sorrow's shrine, worshipped, but till ever,
His tortured soul in madness had been driven,
And every hope of joy on earth was riven.

Sometime I know, though many vainly tried
To find from whence the lonely wanderer came.
So that was ever found, nor ought to guide
Those kindred spirits in their generous aim
Save his tomb was written when he died:
The day, the month, the year, but not his name.
For sorrow told, with mourning truth, that how
He left his home upon some distant plain,
The scene of uncertain chance to plough,
While passing fancies thronged his busy brain,
And all that fame or fortune could bestow,
Past in review a rich and gorgeous train:
But ah! his melancholy end doth view
Prove how fleeting were our hopes, and vain.

O linger where, in peace for evermore,
And calm repose, the dead warrior lies,
Who sent had fought in many a field of gore,
And borne in triumph off the victor's prize,
Where trumpets sung, when cannons loud did roar,
And clouds of smoke rolled upwards to the skies.
Yet there he died not, but far off removed,
From wife companion and the scenes of strife.
At home, surrounded by the friends he loved,
And by their hands closed, yielded up his life.
There death, as it to mock the hero's art,
Hurled his unerring shaft and pierced his heart,
Fell in his vitals searched his weapon deep,
And seized his closing eyes in leaden sleep.

But shed in such beneath the mournful yew,
The place where none which deck the pastor's grave:
In life the life placed of the place free,
That from perdition sought their souls to save;
Who from the sacred page these precepts drew,
Which God in mercy to his people gave,
And led them upon to their ardent view,
With steady zeal and by example too,
Weekly he taught his followers to pursue
The narrow path which leads beyond the grave.
Lo there he rests the sounding sabbath bell,
That wak to weekly use the funeral knell,
That ere upon his ear would sometimes fall,
Or notes sweet the organ's solemn swell,
And his responsive hymning the praise of him that
governs all.

His eye lests now no more with heavenly look,
Upon that blessed page and heavenly book,
His lips more utter no more in fervent prayer,
Or to mark the blessing he was want to there:
To time had bowed his frame to nature's thrall,
And death had cast o'er him its welcome pall.
His station now is by another filled,
Who sees the seat in which he was so skilled,
And many more here, take their dreamless rest.
Remembered well by many a grateful breast:
Their characters as varied as their forms,
Consigned to dust and food for wriggling worms.

And we must follow all, ere a few years,
Dims the swift tide of time, has rolled away—
Wast from this chequered scene of hopes and fears,
And in the lap of earth lie still as they
Where earth is silent—sorrow dries her tears,
And the red warm recoils on its fading prey.
But while in meditation lost I stray,
The sunny shades of night thick deepen round,
And save the star which shuns the light of day,
Lone wheels his flight in many a circling round,
Like some sad spirit, hovering o'er the clay
Which soon to earth its cousin prince bound—
And sour and soon in airy play,
Flitteth athwart my path with sighing sound,
Roused by its warning voice, I turn away,
And here contrast in silence the United Ground
upon.

Oh! what a lesson silently is taught,
From contemplation of a scene like this—
To minds reflective, how deeply fraught
With striking proofs of this world's nothingness.
How does it warn the heedless linger here,
Where sorrows darken—hopes delusive rise,
To lift his thoughts to that high holy sphere,
That waits for him—that life that never dies—
And be ye ready, it would seem to say,
That death's stern mandate, glad ye may obey.

OSCAR.

From the Casket for September.

A Tale of the Barrancas.

BY CHARLES ROTCH MAWRAY.

It was on a fine evening in the summer of 18—, that a large ship, having the appearance of a man-of-war, was observed in the offing, from the Barrancas—a small village located at the entrance of Pensacola bay, on a bluff of land considerably elevated above the level of the surrounding country, which is very low, and undiversified, save by pine trees, and barren patches of sand. At that period, a man-of-war was no common a sight at Pensacola, as since the establishment of our navy yard there. This ship, then, as she bore for the light house, (which is the land mark for all vessels bound in the harbor) attracted no ordinary degree of attention among the villagers, the town being nine miles further up the bay, the approach of the vessel was not as yet known to its inhabitants.

Among those who were most intense in watching the manoeuvres of this beautiful ship, were the two pretty daughters of Don Celestino P. Martini. I say pretty, and were the bare assertion sufficient, I would not expose my awkwardness at description; but people have become so fastidious, that nothing less than a delineation of every feature, grace, and motion, will content them. It is not conclusive that we say our heroines are beautiful beyond description. Not wishing, therefore, to arrogate to myself the privilege of judging on so important a subject for others, I will, in compliance to modern caprice, endeavor to give my readers some idea of what were, in my estimation, two as lovely beings as the air ever breathed upon.

Their sparkling black eyes, and hair of the same glossy color, were national; but then the cast of features, beautiful in the extreme, and symmetrical proportions, were peculiarly their own—unconsciously so, too; for like the flower that blooms amidst the trackless desert, their charms had never been appreciated—they had never sipped the poisonous cup of flattery.—Their young and innocent hearts were as spotless and unsullied as the new fallen snow.

Antoinette, the eldest, was just eighteen years of age; her countenance, though mild, was expressive; her complexion unusually light for the nation and climate, and afforded a pretty contrast to the dark and flowing locks of hair which were permitted to shade, in glossy ringlets, a neck of alabaster whiteness. The "*tout ensemble*" of her figure was "*par excellence*;" and in her disposition appeared to be concentrated every virtue requisite to adorn a female; kind and affable, without any of that affectation so repugnant to a man of sense, she was an unsophisticated child of nature; and yet nature in forming her had left nothing undone that could have been enhanced by the aid of art. A tinge of superstition, occasioned by too great susceptibility, and an overwrought imagination, increased probably, by devotional exercises in the catholic rites, would occasionally develope itself; but instead of detracting from her charms it added fresh interest to her character. The air of romance which appertains to the indulgence of superstition, diffuses a shade of melancholy on the person under its influence, which is calculated to enlist our sympathies at any time; but most especially when we see its power exercised over a lovely and amiable female.

If she evinced any inordinate propensity, it was for music. There was something in the vibrations of a harp that enraptured her every sensibility; and as she endeavored with her voice to imitate the strains produced by her fingers, each fibre of her soul appeared absorbed in pathos. Such soul-stirring, heart-thrilling strains as she was want to pour forth in her ecstatic moments, savored more of what I had painted in my imagination, as belonging to another world, than earthly sounds. Such was Antoinette; but how shall I describe Adelaide, her sister, the little laughing Hebe, ovratic as the morning sunbeam, sportive as the zephyr, whose ever glistening with joy, would have made glad some the veriest misanthrope in christendom, while the *sprightliness* and *vivacity* of her disposition, never failed to diffuse cheerfulness wherever she went. That refined sensitiveness, that pensive melancholy which maintained such predominancy in her sister, was an alien to Adelaide's laughter-loving heart.

In every thing but affection for each other, and an ardent devotion to their aged father, the two sisters were as different as the green sward which covered the summit of their native hill was unlike the vast sea of sand which nearly surrounded it. I would not, however, have my readers infer from the comparison, that there was any similitude between either of the sisters and the barren waste alluded to; on the contrary, they resembled more the wild exuberance of some fertile vale, where the soil, though unsemgenial to noxious weeds, produces spontaneously the most beautiful flowers.

The antiquated fabric which had served for Don Celestino's residence nearly thirty years, occupied a prominent situation near the brow of the heights; and afforded, from its elevation, a very extensive prospect in every direction. It was originally designed for the accommodation of the "*Commandante*" of the now delapidated fort, which is contiguous. Don Celestino had, antecedent to the era of my tale, held that important office; and on his retirement, purchased the mansion from government, and continued to reside in it. The troops having been nearly all withdrawn, the command of the fort devolved upon a subaltern, while Don Celestino, unwilling to leave a place to which he had become attached by a long sojournment, resigned his office, and resolved upon ending his days on a spot, endeared to him by many ties, both of consanguinity, and companionship.

The building was erected in the old Spanish style; but was well adapted to the climate. A spacious verandah surrounded it, affording a delightful lounge when the sea breeze prevailed. It was on that part of the spacious piazza which fronted the ocean, that the two sisters were setting, when the strange ship bove in sight. Adelaide was the first to discover her, as she broke in upon the sullens of the horizon, like a white cloud, scarce discernible to the naked eye. Having directed the attention of her sister to the vessel's approach, it was scarce averted until the shades of evening rendered her invisible.

"Sister," says Antoinette, as the barque proudly advanced, with her canvass spread high and wide, "I wish I could sail in such a ship as that. How pleasant it would be to lean over her sides and look out upon the eternal expanse of ocean, as she bounded over the waves; and on a fine moonlight night, when the stars are glittering in the firmament, and the breeze is sighing in the rigging, how charming it would be to touch the cords of my harp, and listen to its vibrations as they mingled among the moanings of the wind and waves."

"For my part," replied Adelaide, "I would much sooner be like that snow-breasted gull yonder, that's skimming the air. See how pretty he sails—now he exposes his bosom to the rays of the setting sun. Now he mounts higher in the air; now he floats as if sleeping on ether. Oh! were I that bird, I should never cease flying—I would keep going onward, over sea and mountain, and valley, until there was no space left unfanned by my wings."

The sun had just dipped his head in the ocean's bosom. The western horizon emitted a soft mellow radiance, which, reflected from the expansive surface of a placid sea, had a very imposing effect; and the sea itself, with its long range of white sandy beach, stretching to the right and left, as far as the vision extended, resembled a belt, as far as the vision extended, resembled a silver-edged mirror. The breeze was just sufficient to propel the ship forward; and ere it ceased to propel the ship forward; and ere it ceased to propel the shore, it was as light as zephyrs to reached the shores, it was as light as zephyrs to have buoyed a feather. Yet it was refreshing and reviving, like the breath of a pretty damsel when we love; though warm, there was a luxury in inhaling it—and as it came over St. Rosa, (a narrow island which forms Pensacola bay) it brought with it an aromatic fragrance, stolen in its passage across this otherwise barren sand bank.

A bar which stretches athwart the entrance of Pensacola bay, at the distance of a half a mile from the shore, renders great precaution necessary for vessels coming in the harbor, and is peculiarly disadvantageous in a naval point of view—the depth of water being insufficient to admit ships of the line, and scarcely adequate for the largest class of frigates. This ship, then, as she drew near the bar, was observed to take in her light sails—a flag, displaying *St. George's Cross*, was hoisted at the mizzen peak—a red sheet of fire issued from one of her bow guns at the same moment, which was followed by a thick volume of smoke, and succeeded by a loud report, which shook every window in the Barrancas. This was the signal for a pilot.

The report of the cannon had scarce ceased to reverberate among the pine forests, ere the pilot boat, in answer to the hoarse summons, was seen making for the ship; while the latter, having advanced as near the bar as was deemed prudent by her commander, lay motionless in the water, with her mainsail to the mast, waiting the pilot's arrival to conduct her to her moorings. The boatswain's cry of "all hands bring ship to an anchor," reiterated by a half dozen mates, resounded through every deck and aperture of the Warspite. The stentorian voice of the lieutenant came upon the tympanum of the ear, as he issued his commands through a speaking trumpet, like the roaring of a lion, which, combined with the shrill vociferations of the midshipmen, the ay, ay, sirs, of the sailors in the tops and yard arms, the rattling of the rigging, the creaking of blocks, and the clanking of chain cables, as they were dragged from their place of stowage, formed, altogether, a concatenation of sounds as inexplicable to a landsman, as would have been the use of the multifarious and complicated ropes with which the ship was decorated.

The arrival of a man-of-war at a port after a long cruise, is an event of considerable interest to both officers and crew. Any thing that tends to break in upon the monotony of their life, is enjoyed by them with a zest we poor land mortals can scarce appreciate. Six months had transpired since the Warspite left England, during the greater part of which time she had been cruising in the West Indies, exposed to the burning sun of a tropical climate, without having once been in harbor. The countenances of the officers and crew, therefore, beamed with joy when it was ascertained that she was going into Pensacola to remain a month; and had the barren coast of Florida been clothed with verdure, and smiling with rural cottages, they would scarce have evinced greater pleasure.

The commissioned officers, i. e. the lieutenants, relaxed their sternness, and issued their commands in a more modified, and less peremptory tone than usual; the middies hopped, skipped, and jumped about like so many playful kittens; the sailors moved with unwonted alacrity, and were less gruff in their replies to the commands of their superiors—which is invariably the case whenever officers condescend to address their crews in a conciliatory and becoming manner.

In the short space of an hour from the moment of the pilot's arrival on board, the ship was safely moored within gunshot of the fort—which occupies a prominent situation to the right of the Commandante's, as the residence of Don Celestino was still designated. Eight bells had been told, and the hammocks were piped down; the seafers were carousing in their steerage; the sailors had received their evening grog, to which had been added an additional ration, and were sitting round their cans in mirthful jollity, bandying jokes, and singing songs; the birth deck resounded with hilarity; and gleeful merriment stamped features that a little while before, were set in rigid sullenness.

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John Thompson, and Charles Mifflin—whose duty it was to perform the first vigils of the night—were two promising young officers. Promotion had been awarded the first for his gallantry, and he wore the trappings of a midshipman, and was as jolly a tar, as ever trod a ship's deck, ay, and as generous-hearted, too. Notwithstanding their disparity in rank, the two young men conversed familiarly. They both joined the service at one time, and had scarce ever been separated; long association had established an intimacy between them—a mutual attachment, which I would call by a more endearing appellation, were friendship not considered a misnomer.

The evening was calm; and as they stood on the quarter deck, leaning over the capstan conversing of scenes culled from the green spots on memory's waste, the sound of a harp, accompanied by a female voice, caught the ear. "Mifflin," says the lieutenant, to the midshipman, "do you hear that music? Are those angel's strains, or are we in a land of spirits?" "We are in a land of alligators and rattlesnakes, if I am informed correctly," replied his companion, "and as for those strains, they may proceed from an angel for aught I know; but I will vouch for the air being mortal. I recollect hearing it 'lang syne,' when in Spain—'*Welcome, strangers, to our shores*,' is the English of its title."

"Well, celestial or mortal, I'll have a squint at her to-morrow, if she's to be found. The welcome is doubtless intended for us, and a sweeter one never greeted my ears. What do you say for a land cruise, eh, Miff—we will inquire for the charming creature who is doing us so much honor, and thank her in the name of the ship's company."

"Ha ha ha! Charming creature! A Venus, doubtless; for nothing else could exist in your brain. I suppose I'm to be your squire in this Quixotic excursion. Should your imaginary dulcinea prove as fruitful a source of adventure as the Knight of La Mancha's del Toboso, you would not, I am fearful, find in me so faithful an attendant as was Sancho Panza."

The captain coming on deck, the young men separated, and did not join again during the watch. On the ensuing day, however, they both visited the Barrancas, and in directing their steps towards Don Celestino's mansion, they were so fortunate as to meet the two sisters walking arm in arm, on a green level which fronted the dwelling. Had our heroes belonged to the school of modern etiquette, the two sisters of Barrancas might have passed them uninterrupted; but a blue jacket does not stand upon ceremony. And before the young ladies had got within hailing distance, they had concluded upon bringing the "two strange sails under their lee," and offering their services as convoy.

The antic smile that played upon the beautiful lips of Adelaide, evinced a buoyancy of spirits that was quite congenial to Mifflin, whose visage was the picture of good nature and archness, while nothing could be more in accordance with the dignified but affectionate demeanor of the young lieutenant, than the expression of sentiment that beamed from the soul lit countenance of Antoinette. The sisters spoke just enough English to render their conversation interesting; and our heroes spoke just sufficient Spanish to excite the laughter of Adelaide, whose risibility was kept constantly in play by Mifflin's buffoonery. Two more congenial spirits could not have been selected, than the jolly midshipman and this modern Hebe. Never before did the halls of the Commandante resound with so much merriment; never did the lady of Don Celestino receive such a shaking. The venerable Commandante was a Castilian by birth, and evinced in an eminent degree the characteristic of that province—celebrated for its hospitality. Nothing could exceed the cordiality with which he welcomed the young officers to his house. Their respectful demeanor (ever flattering to a Spaniard) greatly prepossessed him in their favor; and what with the old man's tales of peninsular reminiscence, the trite jokes of the young midshipman, the loud and reiterated peals of laughter from Adelaide, the sympathetic influence of which operated like a charm upon all present, together with Thompson's awkward attempts to converse with Antoinette, in her own harmonious language, and some few songs from the latter, the time passed away exceedingly well. A dozen times the young men resolved upon returning to their ship, but in vain. They still lingered—and the longer they remained, the more irresistible appeared the charm which held them.

Dinner was served up; and the young men twirled their hats on their finger's end, casting an occasional glance upon their beautiful ship, which lay in full view before them, in all her fair proportions, resting on the bosom of one of the most delightful bays in the western continent. But where is the heart that can resist the magnetic influence of female charms? If any there be, I envy him not his frigidness. A sailor's ship ranks high in his affections; and there was that about the Warspite which was well calculated to inspire our heroes with a glow of pride, as they gazed upon her, and contemplated the emblem of their nation waving gracefully in the breeze. But there was a charm within the enchanted castle of Don Celestino that superceded even the love of their ship—that transcended national enthusiasm. The green fields and luxuriant foliage, the smiling rosy-faced damsels of their own native isle for once appeared eclipsed, and the remembrance of her white cliffs obliterated.

"Do stay and dine with us," said the lovely Antoinette, and she took hold of the young lieutenant's hand, and looked so wistfully, and smiled so sweetly, that the officer who had braved the cannon's mouth, felt himself completely conquered by a Spanish brunette. The hat fell from his hand, and was carried away in triumph by Adelaide, who declared that if they did go they should go bare headed. The midshipman, in humble acquiescence, likewise permitted his *chevaux de bronze* to accompany that of his companion.

The last rays of the setting sun were gleaming through the windows of the Commandante's, and the shrill notes of the bugle from the fort announced the close of the day. The night beetles in anticipation of the event, were already sporting in the air; and our heroes were still at the Barrancas, nor did they disenthral themselves until a gun from the ship told them that they had already transgressed the rules of the navy, by remaining from their vessel after the hour allotted for the return of all absent boats.

Thompson and Mifflin returned to their ship full of romance and love. The former was enthusiastic in his praise of Antoinette, while the latter swore that Adelaide was irresistible.—"Could I but have stolen a kiss from the jade when she stuck out her pretty pouting lips, it appears to me I could die contented, without ever having another wish gratified. Jack, you understand the nature of this disease they call love; do pray inform me what are the symptoms, for really I am fearful I have caught the distemper, I'll be hanged if ever I felt so curious in my life."

"Then I can sympathise with you," replied the lieutenant, "for there is not a limb about me but what is under the influence of the disease which you speak of."

"Faith, I believe it; for had you been struck with the palsy, you could not have evinced greater helplessness than you did to-day. Why I never saw a man have so little control over his limbs in my life—you couldn't hold your hat, even."

Before Thompson could reply to this sally from Mifflin, the boat was hailed by the ships sentinel at the gangway, whose cry of "boat a hoy!" was answered with an "ay, ay, sir," from the cockswain, indicating that there was a lieutenant on board. The boys were piped to attend the gangway; and our adventurers, having saluted the officer of the deck, proceeded to the cabin, reported themselves to the Captain, and retired to their respective domicils or state rooms, to reflect on the occurrences of the day, and dreams of love. How delightful is the spring-time of life,

"When roseate fancy flings her chains,
And deigns to dive enchanted gleam."

and how enviable the dreams of youthful lovers, when light drawn slumbers glide around their couch, and the form of her whom they love hovers near like a guardian angel.

Having fairly put my [illegible] upon the [illegible] of Antoinette and Adelaide, I will now turn my attention to the [illegible] upon the apartment of [illegible] of which had never been sullied by other footsteps than their own, and a faithful domestic. This retreat of virtue and innocence; this little paradise was sacred even to the father's intrusion. There is nothing more emblematic, probably, of a young lady's mind than her bed chamber; and I do think that if I were to entertain any notions of committing matrimony, I should insist upon taking a peep into this *sanctum sanctorum* of my intended.

The room which was consecrated to the use of the sisters, was situated at the extremity of their father's extensive mansion, and contained two fronts—the windows of one looking out upon the smooth bay in which the Warspite was moored, while those of the other presented an extensive prospect of the sea.

The windows were tastefully ornamented with flower pots, and handsomely curtained. Their furniture was tastefully arranged, and bespoke the simplicity of their minds. The only article appertaining to a toilet, was an antique looking glass, decorated with evergreens, and protected from the flies by a green gauze which enshrouded it, and a small mahogany table immediately fronting the same. There was none of the usual concomitants of a modern belle's toilet. There was no *eau de vie*—no heterogeneous mass of powder, rouge, patches, curling tongs, *et cetera*; every thing indicated chastenes and purity of mind.

On the table which fronted the glass, stood a crucifix, the gift of a fond and affectionate mother. Its position was such that in looking in the glass, the image must have met the eye, and served to check the indulgence of such vain reflections as the mirror was calculated to excite in the breasts of two beautiful females yet in their teens. On the evening of the young Englishmen's visit, the sisters, on retiring to their room, were for the first time, probably, in their lives, induced to take a glance in the mirror, preparatory to paying their usual devotions to the crucifix. This aberration of their usual habit, was an impulse of nature arising from circumstances over which they had no control, and was excusable, inasmuch as they were ignorant of the motive which actuated them. The thrilling sensation which they now, for the first time, felt fluttering at their hearts, was to them an enigma, with the solution of which they were unacquainted. That it was caused by the visit of the gay young officers, they were conscious; but the feeling was too unique for them to appreciate its precise nature, and was too pleasant for them to apprehend any danger from its indulgence. Even while kneeling down before the holy shrine of the crucifix, the image of the young lieutenant would flit across the brain of Antoinette, in spite of her exertions to drive from her mind every earthly consideration, and keep her thoughts fixed on heaven. Adelaide talked and thought of nothing but Mifflin. His frank and prepossessing manners, combined with his personal attractions, had made a deep impression on her heart; and although she would have disclaimed any other feeling towards him than esteem, yet she evidently entertained sentiments of a more chaloric nature, which subsequent visits from the young midshipman did not in the least tend to diminish.

For three weeks, Thompson and Mifflin continued to visit the Barrancas regularly every other day. The stay of the Warspite at Pensacola being limited, the reflection that the time was near at hand when they would be separated, perhaps forever, gave a hue of sombriety to the interviews of the lovers, which was a drawback upon the otherwise unalloyed happiness which characterised their meetings. On the evening which preceded the ship's departure, our heroes went on shore to take their leave of the sisters. They drank tea at the old Commandante's, and bid the hospitable old Spaniard adieu. This being their last visit, the girls accompanied them to the water's edge, which was only a short distance from the house. Scarce a word was exchanged between the lovers. Their hearts were too full to engage in conversation; but then

"There's a language that's more; a silence that speaks,
There's something that cannot be said—
There are words that can only be read on the cheeks,
Thoughts but the eyes can unfold."

For the first time Adelaide appeared serious—for the first time she permitted Mifflin to take hold of her hand and lead her—for the first time the tears of affection, the symbols of ardent love and attachment, were seen to flow down her cheeks. She had always assumed an indifference towards Mifflin in his presence; but now, when she was about to part with him, she could no longer conceal the state of her heart. The resplendent orb of night looked down with smiling majesty upon the lovers as they stood upon the beach. The ripples in the broad sheet of water which lay before them, were glittering in her pale rays, the mellow radiance of which shed upon the lovers themselves, a bland but melancholy aspect; and if nature had ever indulged in *l'amour*, I should say she had that night assumed a wooing attitude.

It was a heavenly night for Mifflin. The fact that he was beloved by the object on whom he had fixed his affections, was now, for the first time, developed to him. The unresisting Adelaide suffered him to fold her to his bosom: a thousand kisses were emplanted on her lips and forehead by the joyful midshipman. Where was the old Commandante, her father, that he should have suffered his daughter to indulge in such criminality? methinks I hear the casuist inquire. For his information, and that of my readers in general, I beg leave to observe that Don Celestino did not disapprove of the attachment of his daughters, and that he confided in their virtue and purity too well to apprehend any impropriety arising from their intercourse with two inexperienced youths, possessing such generous and amiable dispositions.

With protestations of eternal love, and a speedy return, the young men bid the sisters adieu, and joined their ship. The ensuing morning's sun beheld the Warspite sailing down the bay majestically before a stiff breeze. The noble vessel, as she rounded the point, bounded over the crested billows, like a prancing steed, as if proud of her destiny, and panting to contend with the mighty deep, presenting to the sisters a far different aspect from what she appeared when entering the harbor, and it may be supposed that they looked upon her with far different feelings. If Antoinette longed to be on board of the Warspite, when, for the first time, she displayed her canvass to the gazing villagers of Barrancas heights, she desired it now in the agony of her soul; for she looked upon her as containing one on whose bosom she had leaned her head, and listened to tales of love, and recitals of adventures portrayed with all the glow and enthusiasm of youthful romance. One whose soft blue eye spoke how tenderly he loved—each cadence of whose bland and harmonious voice produced a thrilling vibration upon her heart strings. But the freshening breeze soon deprived her of that melancholy satisfaction. The Warspite was soon lost in distance, and there was nothing to meet the eyes of the sisters as they endeavored to peer through the vista which enshrouded her from their view, save the uniform expanse of sea. There was nothing to ensure them that they had not been dreaming, but their own palpitating sorrowful hearts, which told them too plainly that all was reality. Nothing, did I say—yes, there was something—a glittering gem sparkled from a finger of each sister—the boon of love—the symbol of affection—a memento consecrated by vows of eternal fidelity.

A ship's deck, on leaving a port, as well as at her entrance, presents a scene of bustle and confusion, far exceeding my powers of description. Thompson and Mifflin had not, therefore, the same leisure for reflection as the forlorn damsels which they had left behind. They did not feel so intensely those heart-sickening sensations of loneliness that oppressed the sisters; yet, whenever an opportunity occurred when they could snatch a moment from the bustle of duty and confusion which prevailed, they would watch the receding shore with a steadfastness which denoted more interest than the aspect of the coast warranted.

The prevalent opinion that women are more [illegible] than nature. Man is a roving being, constantly meeting with adventures and incidents that tend to promote excitement, and goes to exclude reflection. He has a thousand incentives to action, and there are a thousand rival passions springing up every day in his bosom, which operate like a chilblain upon the softer feelings of his nature. But woman is differently circumstanced. Their sex excludes them from a participation in those scenes of bustle and activity which engross the time and attention of the lords of creation. Doomed to perpetual seclusion and sequestration, there is nothing to excite their passions, nothing to draw into action the latent energies of their mind. Their domestic and retired habits promote contemplation, and it is natural to suppose that they will confine their cogitations to the subject which most interests them, and that subject is mostly love. Unacquainted with the machinations and depravity of the world, their uncontaminated and unsuspecting hearts are susceptible of strong and indelible impressions. They identify the object of their affections with some image of ideal excellence, around which the tendrils of their hearts become entwined so closely as to render a separation or unrequital often fatal.

Fortunately for the sisters of the Barrancas, the monotonous profession of our heroes was not a love extinguishing one. Every day brought with it the same watery expanse—the same routine of duty. As the Warspite never went into harbor, there were no new faces, no new incidents to beguile the mind, or divert it from past reflections.

In the silent watch of night, when all was hushed save the hollow moaning of the waves, the flapping of the sails against the masts, and the mournful creaking of the ship, as she struggled against the billows—when the firmament was decked with all of its paraphernalia of planets and twinkling stars—when the sea emitted its phosphoric corruscations of sparkling beauty, and gentle zephyrs, wafted from the fragrant isles of the western Archipelago, fanned the cheeks of our heroes, every endearing recollection would array itself before the imagination. The early scenes of boyhood—the tender concern of relatives and friends, on the eve of departure from home—the tears of maternal affection—a sister's embraces, and a father's God bless you, would all come in for a share of the young men's reflections, but not their wonted share. There were recollections more recent—more closely allied to the heart, on which they loved to dwell.

The Warspite, after having ran down the Spanish Maine, and looked in all the harbors in the Leeward Islands, bent her course northwardly again, and resumed her old cruising ground, on the south side of Cuba. Eight months subsequent to her departure from Pensacola, one afternoon, when about thirty miles from Cape Antonio, the cry of "sail a hoy!" was heard from the mast head. "Where away?" was the enquiry of the officer of the deck, addressed to the man at the cross trees. "Three points on the starboard bow, sir." "What does she look like?" "A topsail schooner, man-of-war rigged!"—"Which way is she standing?" "Right athwart our bow, sir." "Keep a good look out, and see if she changes her course." "Ay, ay, sir." A half hour had not transpired from the announcement of the strange sail's approach, from the mast head, when she was discernible from the deck; and another half hour presented to the officers and crew of the Warspite, a fine rakish looking armed schooner. The stranger, as if unwilling to cultivate any farther acquaintance with the Britain, continued to ply before the wind, putting in requisition every means calculated to accellarate his flight. This uncourteous manoeuvre of the stranger did not comport with the English captain's idea of propriety—he resolved therefore upon giving chase. All hands were called to square the yards, and make sail. Royals and sky-sails increased the ship's already towering altitude, while steering sails, or, as they are more usually denominated, studding sails of large dimensions were distended from the ends of the yards on each side. The chase was not of long duration; for the stranger finding escape impossible in the direction which he was pursuing, wore ship, and stood for the shore. The Warspite, anticipating this movement, tacked at the same moment, the former having sailed in the direction of the coast a short time, finally came to a stand, and in a few moments it was discovered that her crew had left her and taken to their boats. With the view of intercepting the boats, an expedition of barges was formed to be despatched in pursuit. Thompson and Mifflin, ever foremost in enterprises that augured danger, volunteered their services on this occasion. The former was honored with the command of a boat, and was accompanied by Mifflin. The boat in which they were embarked, was the first to come up with the pirates: the latter were in two boats, and assumed a menacing attitude as if resolved upon repelling an attack. Thompson, being furnished with a swivel, pointed it in the direction of the pirates, with the view of intimidating them; while the latter, in defiance, discharged a volley of musketry at our heroes, wounding two of their men. A sailor, who carried the match, being incensed at seeing the blood of his comrade flow, applied the torch to the swivel, and in another moment the pirates were struggling with the waves—the ball having been efficacious in sinking both boats. The generous young lieutenant, eager to snatch as many from a watery grave as possible, repaired to their rescue, and succeeded in saving two of them.

The vessel which had been deserted by the pirates, was now in flames, having been set on fire by them on leaving her. One of the wretches who had escaped drowning to meet a death more in accordance with their merits, pointing to the burning vessel, observed to Thompson, that if he was as intrepid and persevering in performing deeds of humanity, as he appeared to be in those of bloodshed and piratical warfare, he might find in the burning vessel an ample reward for his bravery. "Yes," continued the pirate, looking Thompson in the face, "yonder is a field for the development of your valor, far transcending the capture of a few renegades."

"What am I to infer from your impudence?" demanded the lieutenant, addressing himself to the pirate.

"You may draw what inference you please, sir, a dastardly spirit is ever dull of comprehension, when it his interest to be so!"

The lieutenant elevated his sword, and was about to cleave his head in twain, when his arm was arrested by Mifflin. "Spare the wretch's life for the present, we may elicit something from him."

"This much you may," rejoined the pirate, grinning at the same time most contemptuously, "that if you are not cowards, you will proceed forthwith and rescue two as lovely, as innocent, and as pure beings as you ever looked upon, from yonder burning sheet of fire."

The manner of the pirate, and the bare possibility that there might be females on board, induced Thompson to order his boat along side the vessel. The brave lieutenant, accompanied by Mifflin, mounted her side amidst the crackling flames and thick volumes of smoke.

The scene was appalling. The men who were left in the boat looked on aghast, expecting every moment to be blown up, as the vessel had been burning some time. The pirate alone appeared to enjoy the scene, and evinced much pleasure at every burst of the flames. Some time had elapsed, and our heroes had not returned; all was anxiety and expectation. The flames augmented, and threatened every moment destruction to the boat—the crew had concluded that the lieutenant and his companion had been unable to return, and that they had fell victims to their temerity, and were upon the point of leaving the side of the vessel in order to secure their own safety, when our heroes appeared, each bearing in his arms a female. No time was lost in getting them on board of the boat; but they were more dead than alive. The boat had scarcely proceeded forty yards from the scene of conflagration, when the vessel blew up with a tremendous explosion.

The sentiment of [illegible] in the females, whom they had [illegible] in saving from a calamitous death, the sisters of Barrancas! The recognition was mutual. Antoinette!—Adelaide! were simultaneous ejaculations of Thompson and Mifflin, while the sisters shrieked involuntarily at the same moment.—They were cordially received by the captain, who assigned them one of his state rooms for their use. As soon as they became sufficiently composed, the following explanation was elicited from them.

On a fine moonlight evening, similar to that ever memorable one on which they had last parted with their lovers, the sisters were induced, from the inviting appearance of the weather, to take a walk, and strayed farther from home than usual. They wandered several miles along the beach, unconscious of the distance which they had proceeded, until they came to where the sea laved the shore, when they seated themselves on a log, which had been driven ashore by the waves, to rest and enjoy the magnificence of the scene before them. The little black hulk of a pirate, with her tapering spars, lay in full view before them, within a few rods of the shore, looking for all the world like a harpie, or some sleek looking fiend, as she rose from the hollow cavities of the waves—now dancing on top of the mountain ridge, and anon sinking in the dark furrows. A small skiff lay close at their feet, fastened to a stake, from which they inferred that some of the crew belonging to the fairy vessel were on shore; but they had no suspicions of the character of the vessel before them, yet they could not avoid hazarding a conjecture as to her business and destination; before, however, they could come to any conclusion, four swarthy looking fellows emerged from a thicket, and stood before them. At first they were disposed to be rude to the sisters; but the firm and dignified manner with which they repelled the advances of the ruffians, restrained them from using violence.

One of the party, recognising them as the daughters of Don Celestino, proposed carrying them on board the vessel, and conveying them to their place of rendezvous on the Island of Cuba, there to enter into a negotiation with the old Spaniard for their ransom. This proposition was readily acceded to by the remainder of the party, who entertained an exaggerated opinion of Don Celestino's wealth.

I shall not attempt to describe the sensations of the sisters upon finding themselves in the possession of a ruthless gang of robbers and murderers. Antoinette swooned away into a state of insensibility, while Adelaide appeared regardless of her own fate; but evinced great anxiety on account of her sister and poor father, whom she knew would be disconsolate at the absence of his children.

The captain being a man of some refinement, endeavored to soothe them as much as possible, by guaranteeing their safety. He held his men under greater restraint than one would have imagined possible from their disposition and habits. They were all enjoined by him to treat the sisters with respect, and not to insult, or offer them any indignity under any consideration, which injunction had been observed during their captivity, until the Warspite bove in sight, and the pirates had formed the determination of abandoning their vessel, when they fastened them both to a stanchion in the cabin, in which condition they were found by Thompson and Mifflin.

Although our heroes could not avoid sympathising with the sisters at the recital of their misfortunes; yet internally they felt a glow of satisfaction upon contemplating the result, inasmuch as it was a realization of their most ardent desires.

In less than three weeks after this event, the thunder of the Warspite resounded once more along the shore of Florida, and the inhabitants of the Barrancas assembled once more on the brow of the hill to welcome her to her moorings. Soon as the ship had dropped her anchor, Mifflin was despatched to apprise the Commandante of the safety of his daughters. The midshipman found him in his daughters' apartment, where he had secluded himself for the last week, refusing any sustenance. The wretched old man was reclining on a p

81." Every body flocked to the theatre to see the young stranger, and among them Monsieur C.

She dressed herself to great perfection, played her part to admiration, and came off with great eclat. When the play was concluded, she mixed with the audience in the parterre, among whom was her husband. All was loud in praise of the stranger actress: to which she joined and the husband warmly applauded her taste and discernment.

On their return home, the young actress was the engrossing theme of conversation. Monsieur C. was in love, and in raptures with her. "And pray, my dear," says she, "which do you think plays the best, the stranger or Miss T?" "Oh, there is no denying it—there is no comparison; in me, that stranger and angel," cried she throwing her arms around his neck—"see what I have done to regain the affections of a much loved husband." He was struck with surprise and astonishment, and could hardly credit what he had heard. On repeating some of the passages as she had portrayed them on the stage, he beheld the angel in his wife. He was overcome with her love, and genius and perseverance, and fell at her feet, and vowed eternal constancy, a vow which he inviolably kept.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following extraordinary composition may be seen in the church yard of Thetford, Norfolk, in England.—

"My grandmother was buried here,
My cousin Jane and two uncles dear!
My father perished with a mortification in his thighs,
My sister dropped down in the Minories.
But the reason why I am here, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
Therefore, good Christians, if you'd wish to live long,
Beware of drinking brandy, gin, or any thing strong."

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

SATURDAY.—A PROMISING LAD.—The ingenuity and cunning of blacks, and their aptness at manufacturing stories of extenuation, are matters of absolute wonder with persons who are not well acquainted with their character. Detect them in the most palpable roguery, in the very act of larceny, and they have on their toogue, at the instant, a tale of innocence that staggers even our positive knowledge of its falsehood. Last night, in the neighborhood of Second and South street, a watchman detected a black boy, perhaps eight years of age, skulking about the Southwark Hose House; apparently with no good intention. The watch accosted him, but having no idea of an arrest, the boy took to his heels, and by his dexterity in dodging behind the market pillars, he for a long time kept the officer at bay. When arrested, he pretended to be *deaf and dumb!* and though every exertion was made to induce him to speak, he refused to open his mouth until morning. After the Mayor had sentenced him to be committed to prison, he found that his pretence availed but little, and he commenced telling a pitiful story of ill-treatment from a man named Murray, a sweep-master, to whom he was indented. He declared that for weeks past, he had been fed on bread and water, and made to lodge at night on a board for a bed. His story was, of course, disbelieved, and he was sent to jail.

PIETY EXEMPLIFIED.—A brawny black fellow, calling himself James Jones, full six feet high, was brought up, on a charge of disorderly conduct. The watchman stated he had found him near the Catholic Church in Thirteenth street, singing, hallooing and shouting, like a wild Indian. When told to be quiet, as is usual with blacks, he hallooed the louder, and to such good purpose, that in a few minutes, a mob of several hundred people had collected, to witness the sport. The watch insisted that James should go to the watchhouse, while James contended that he was a free born African and did'nt care a ——— for him, or any body else. So he would'nt go. A tussle ensued, rather to the disadvantage of the watchman, who finding himself no match for the negro, called lustily for assistance. Three men and a pair of irons were necessary to take the unruly prisoner to the watchhouse.

On the watch, or watchmen, as could be, in his ing mentally, and it outraged his pious feelings to be called to account for so doing. In reply to other questions he declared himself a hard-working coal breaker by occupation, and one who on an average, drank rather less than a quart of rum daily! Fined.

MONDAY.—HONOR IN RAGS.—Two miserable wretches, clothed in dirt and scraps of apparel, of various kinds and descriptions, were found last night asleep on a platform in Spruce street; and having no place to go to, were taken to the watchhouse. On a close examination it appeared that both were from the almshouse, whence they had escaped by climbing the wall. The elder of the two was a shoemaker by trade, and his knowledge of the business was held in requisition in the almshouse to a greater extent than he found convenient for his lazy habits. The other was employed as a general drudge, and he too, found the task of splitting wood, carrying water, &c. rather irksome, so a mutual agreement was made that they should escape, and joining interests, seek their fortune together.—The first part of their plot succeeded admirably. They escaped confinement, and were taking a nap preparatory to pushing off in search of adventures, when they were arrested. They were sent to prison—whence escape will not be so easy.

HOPEFUL REFORM.—Michael Barned, a decently dressed youngster of twenty, was brought from the vicinity of the Garrick tavern, where he was found last night gloriously drunk, and gloriously obstinate. The watchman tried anxiously to get him home; but no, Michael had never seen the interior of the watchhouse, and he felt an ungovernable curiosity to examine the curiosities there to be found. Frequently in passing the town-house, at an early hour in the morning, he had observed prisoners looking through the iron grating in the windows, and their situation, it invariably appeared to him, was peculiarly sentimental. He was determined to go, and he did. This morning, with a smiling countenance, he professed himself satisfied with the additional knowledge of human nature and watchhouse regulations he had obtained, and he paid his fine for intoxication. When admonished by the Mayor that drunkenness was not creditable to a person of his appearance, he replied in a set speech, that it would be much better for himself, if nobody else, to keep sober; and so he promised to do. Michael is a lamplighter, and though his lights keep others from stumbling, they have but little effect in guarding him from snags and whirlpools.

LARCENY.—BARBARITY.—John Brown, a short, thick set black fellow, was charged under the following circumstances. In June last, as was alleged by Rebecca Foster, a colored female, Brown and another black fellow came to her house, to set up with and take care of a boarder, who was suffering under severe indisposition. In the course of the night the man died, whereupon the two blacks gathered up all his effects, together with every moveable thing belonging to the house, and bore them off. As they were leaving the door, withess heard them, and suspecting something wrong, she arose, spread the alarm of "thieves," and gave pursuit. It availed nothing, however, for the robbers were out of sight. Upon examining the extent of the depredation, she found every particle of the deceased man's clothing removed—there was nothing left even for grave clothes, and she was obliged to lay the body in a bed quilt, and bury it in that way.

Until the present, no trace of either of the thieves could be obtained, though strict search was made for them. Last night, by mere accident, the witness discovered Brown near D'Arras's Garden, and had him arrested. Brown said he took no further part in the theft than to help off with the goods. His partner went to New York. The prisoner was committed.

TUESDAY.—BASE INGRATITUDE.—No man likes to be reproached for doing a good action. Abuse and contumely may be borne by the guilty without murmur, for a consciousness of crime lies up the tongue; but when one has, from kind motives, conferred a material favor upon another, it is too much for the small portion of philosophy inherent in human nature, to be treated with villification instead of praise—with slanderous and base insinuations, instead of thanks and a tender of obligation.

The watchman whose beat comprises a certain portion of the city down town—a clever, good natured soul in general, and civil at all times—met with an adventure last evening, which he will remember as long as he lives, though his years should be multiplied like Abraham's, and his troubles like Pharaoh's. He was perusing the even tenor of his way, at a late hour—thinking, no doubt, of the happy slumbers of those he was guarding, and of the little regard they paid to the services of their night guardians, and breaking the sombre stillness of the night by an occasional—"*past twelve o'clock*," when suddenly he stumbled over something that obstructed his path, and before he could recover from the surprise, he found himself sprawling in the gutter, in close contact with a biped of the same species. Instantly he attempted to rise, but to his astonishment, the man under, grappled him by the throat, with the tenacity of a tiger, and held him so tightly, that he was unable to move a muscle.

"Faith! I have ye now, ye spalpeen of a scoundrel, move if ye can!"

"Let up, let up—you drunken dowdy—let up, or I'll spring my rattle—I'm watchee."

"Watchee, are ye, well, get up—by St. Patrick's mother, I thought it was Dick Fannel, come to give me the basting he promised, when I kissed his daughter and run'd away with his wife."

The officer got up from his disagreeable situation, and after brushing the mud from his face and bandaging a barked knee, he assisted the prostrate hero to regain his feet, and volunteered to put him in the way home. Paddy accepted his services, and for a square or two they jogged on together, as peaceably as could be expected. A quaver, however, by some means or other, now got into Paddy's head that the watch had a design upon him, and that his apparent kindness was all flom, to humbug him to prison. Without giving it a single consideration, he challenged the officer with the fact, and to personal abuse, manifested a strong disposition to knock him down. The officer remonstrated and declared the fact a lie—that he might go home, if he would—but the more he persuaded Paddy to go, the more Paddy stood still and jawed—

"I smell ye, you thief—an' that's the way ye impose on dacent jontlemen—pick them up to lade them home, an' whip them to jail—oh, you divil of a cratur—the dollar!—is't the dollar ye want?

This illusion to money, was too much for the philosophy of the watch, notwithstanding his good natured forbearance, and he actually took Paddy to the watchhouse, against his first intention, for his abominable impudence.

This morning he was fined and discharged.

Evening Post.

Saturday, Sept. 1st.

Office No. 12 Hudson's Alley, where all kinds of book, pamphlet, and ornamental job printing are executed, at a short notice, on the most reasonable terms. Subscriptions for the Post and Casket and Journal of Health also received. All post paid letters, directed as above, will be promptly attended to.

Literary Premiums.

The publisher of the Casket, a monthly periodical of Literature, Fashions, Belles-Lettres, Science, Music and the Arts, with the view of increasing the attraction of the new volume of that work, to be commenced on the first of January, 1833, and at the same time to aid the cause of American Literature, offers the following premiums for original compositions.

100 DOLLARS

For the best original Tale, founded on scenes connected with American History.

30 DOLLARS

For the best original Essay, on any subject within the scope of moral philosophy or science.

25 DOLLARS

For the best original Poem, not exceeding seventy lines the subject left to the discretion of the writer.

The articles placed in competition for the premiums will be decided by three well informed gentlemen, who have consented to act in that capacity, viz.

ROBERT T. CONRAD, Esq.
JOSEPH PORCOYE, M. D.
REV. MATTHIAS, Esq.

All communications to be forwarded (*post paid*) to the office of the Casket No. 12 Hudson's Alley, Philadelphia on or before the 1st December next. The premiums will be awarded as soon after as possible, that one or more of the successful pieces may appear in the January No. of the Casket. Address SAMPL C. ATKINSON, Pr.

Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 1832.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange may aid the cause of literature by noticing the above.

We regret to learn that Patterson's flour mill and nail factory, on the Great Gunpowder Falls, Baltimore county, as also the new bridge over that stream, were destroyed by fire on Monday night last. The fire originated in the drying room of the mill, and was not discovered till too late to save the property. Two men sleeping in the mill were compelled to jump from a window in the second story, and were much injured. The loss is very great, not only to the proprietor, but to the county. It is said the property was insured to the amount of $15,000, which will not cover the loss.

On Monday last, the deceased body of a boy about six years old, was found in a house occupied by his father, five miles distant from the city of New York, with a rope drawn round his neck in such a manner as to induce the belief, that he had been murdered. Suspicion rested on his father, John McMullen, the same individual who stabbed two men in the city some two years since and then escaped to Europe. On the most diligent search, no trace could be found of him until Tuesday, when he was found drowned in the North River, having probably destroyed his own life after murdering his son. No motive is assigned, which could have lead to the perpetration of this unnatural crime.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—We gather from an article in the Journal of Education, that there are no less than *forty-five* different kinds of Spelling Books, and other first books in use in the United States. Dr. Comstock from Webster's down, *ten* books for reading and defining, *one hundred and two*. Then we have no less than *fifty-three* different kinds of Arithmetics—*forty-eight* Grammars—*thirty-nine* Geographies and Atlases—*thirty five* Histories of various grades, sizes, prices, and qualities, and *eleven* treatises on the sublime science of Astronomy. These are all calculated, of course, to teach in the best possible manner, "the young idea how to shoot."

Of 288 members of the Montreal Temperance Society, only one consistent member has died of cholera. Five members fell from their integrity, since cholera commenced, or shortly before its appearance. Of these, one died by a dislocation of the spine, caused by falling down stairs in a state of intoxication; one died of the effects of excessive drinking in the prime of life; and two died of cholera: while the fifth who had risen from disgrace to respectability whilst he continued a member, has again sunk down to his former condition, and is now a worthless, drunken outcast.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—The Baltimore American of Monday says—"About twelve o'clock, on Friday last, between the nine and ten mile stones, on the York Road, a wagoner, who was returning home from Baltimore with his team, was stopped by two men disguised with black handkerchiefs over their faces, and robbed of $25. One of them presented a pistol, and the other a large knife, threatening the wagoner with instant death, if he did not surrender. Overcome by his fears, he gave up his money, and the depredators left him. On reaching the tavern, a short distance ahead, the wagoner related the circumstances, and in a short time he obtained about twenty volunteers, and proceeded in search of the robbers. Two men were found by them in a gully in a field, situate not far distant from the part of the road where the robbery was committed, one of whom was changing his clothes at the time. They were, however, after being kept in custody a short time, released, the circumstances attending their arrest not being deemed sufficient to justify their commitment."

The promise of a plentiful harvest was never more certain of being fulfilled, than at this season in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. Our farmers are in excellent spirits, while their fields are groaning with the substantial and necessary products of vegetation. It is a source of consolation that very little alarm has been felt by agriculturists respecting the Cholera, notwithstanding the accounts of its spread among us have been repeatedly exaggerated, and circulated among them with every assurance of truth. Our markets will be abundantly supplied with potatoes and ripe corn.

An auction of rather an unusual character, was lately held at Savannah. At a large collection of persons, a quantity of the notes of some of the Georgia Banks was put up and struck off to the highest bidder. Those of the Bank of Macon, which has recently exploded, brought from 15 to 19 cents on the dollar, and from what we can gather may prove rather a dear bargain to the purchasers. Notes of three or four other banks were sold at rates somewhat higher. These things sound strangely to us now; but if the U. S. Bank is to be discontinued, and the regulation and supply of the currency of the country left to the management of the local banks, they will soon "become familiar to our ear as household words." If any estimate of what is to be, can be formed from what has been, the result is as certain as any thing future can be. On this matter the older part of the community have learned some lessons which they will not speedily forget, for they paid dearly for them.

We are sorry to learn, that a most melancholy accident occurred in Washington, on Saturday afternoon, by which Miss Hammersly, a visiter in this city from Alexandria, lost her life. She was riding on horseback, and the horse becoming alarmed, she threw herself from it, fell on her head and fractured her scull. She was carried to General Jones' residence, near which the accident happened, and expired in the course of the night.

A circular has been issued, signed by a very large number of the merchants of New York, inviting their country customers to visit them, and assuring them of the perfect safety with which they can come to, and stay in, New York. We doubt not that it is so; and in New York at the present time, there are twice as many cases of, and deaths by, Cholera, as there seem in the city and indeed the fears which the Cholera in Philadelphia has excited, has been felt more abroad than at home.

The store of Mr. D. Evans, in south Fifth street, was entered by false keys on the night of the 25th inst. and robbed of a large quantity of dry goods, described in an advertisement. Mr. Evans offers a reward of *one hundred and fifty dollars* for the recovery of the goods and the apprehension of the thief. We cordially hope that the utmost vigilance will be employed in ferreting out the robbers. We believe the city authorities add something to the reward for bringing such persons to justice.

EUROPE.—The following is from the Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post.

"On a letter from Greenville in endorsed by the Post Master, that a duel had been that day, the 16th, fought between Messrs. PERRY, of the *Mountaineer*, and BINGS, of the *Sentinel*. PERRY was shot through the breast of the coat, but not hurt. BINGS was shot in the hip, but not considered dangerously wounded.

The cholera at Yorkville is said to have been confined wholly to the labourers on the Harlem Rail Road, who numbered at one time about 5000 men; and not a single individual of the regular citizens of that village has fallen a victim to it. These workmen were offered employment on this job, from benevolent motives, and to draw them out of the city, where from their character and habits, they would themselves be in the greatest danger from the pestilence, and likewise be thinned the easiest to those parts of the city where they might reside. One of their first steps was to "stand out" for higher wages. The use of ardent spirits was excessive and excessive among them, and the disease swept them off by scores. This accounts for the large reports published from time to time, of cases and deaths occurring at so small a village as Yorkville.

As many of our readers have expressed a wish to see a statement of the Votes given for each of the Candidates for the office of Governor at the Election held in October, 1829—we are induced to re-publish the following:

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the Votes for Governor at the General Election in October, 1829.

Cities and Counties.	Wolf.	Rit.	Total.	Cities and Counties.	Wolf.	Rit.	Total.
Philad. City & county,	11203	546	11749	Dauphin,	1179	1567	2746
Bucks,	4242	841	5083	Lebanon,	859	1363	2222
Chester,	5030	2503	7533	Lancaster,	1684	118	1802
Lancaster,	5676	2548	8224	Northampton,	941	360	1301
York,	1655	360	2015	Bedford,	1219	333	1552
Cumberland,	1562	709	2271	Huntingdon,	1011	1616	2627
Perks,	1950	2090	4040	Centre,	1240	819	2059
Philadelph.	902	347	1249	Allegheny,	2077	1872	3949
North'mpton,	4060	458	4518	Beaver,	870	533	1403
Lehigh,	1650	1455	3105	Mifflin,	1293	1041	2334
Wayne,	532	47	579	Jefferson,	1744	1357	3101
Pike,	653	9	662	Somerset,	984	1595	2104
Northumberland,	1253	879	2132	Cambria,	210	434	644
Union,	781	1098	2072	Clearfield,	256	199	455
Columbia,	1374	355	1729	Crawford,	840	939	1779
Washington,	2307	2228	4535	Erie,	497	1545	2042
Indiana and Jefferson,	456	1044	1500	Warren,	436	132	568
Cumberland,	1764	712	1076	Venango,	541	1252	1793
Westmoreland,	2585	1322	3907	Mercer,	588	1703	1992
Fayette,	1977	1215	3192	Perry,	1168	530	1730
Bedford,	1029	1113	2142	Warren,	436	132	568
Franklin,	2016	2016	4032				
Montgomery,	2069	1314	3383				
Totals.					78,219	51,776	129,995

George Wolf had - - - - - 78,219 votes.
Joseph Ritner, - - - - - 51,776 do.

Majority, - - - - - 26,433

ANOTHER ELOPER.—Capt. Spaulding, of the ship Gibraltar, arrived at Boston on Sunday last, states that the following prescription for the cholera used with great success at Calcutta: "One teaspoonful of essence of ginger, one teaspoonful of laudanum, with Cologne water sufficient to fill a wineglass, and drink the whole. If it does not produce the desired effect, repeat the dose until relief is obtained. The patient in most cases will fall asleep and wake up well."

The Baltimore Board of Health have commenced reporting the *deaths* from Cholera which occur in every twenty-four hours, ending at half past ten o'clock in the morning. They do not mention the number of cases. On Tuesday morning, they report 13 deaths—in private practice 9; in the hospitals 4—of which 6 were whites and 7 coloured people. The Board state that scarcely an exception occurs to the fact that Cholera has only become malignant in persons of very intemperate habits, or who have been grossly imprudent in the use of fruits and vegetables.

ANDREW VERO.—It appears from letters published from Mr. Whittlesey of Ohio, and Col. Clinton, engineer, appointed by government to survey the route of the proposed rail-road, from the Ohio Canal, and that of Col. Albert of the engineer department, that the President has refused to apply the appropriation for surveys to its intended line and Ohio rail-road, which is also subjected to the new veto of General Jackson.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

HORTICULTURAL.

At a meeting of the Council of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, held at their Hall, No. 121 Chesnut street, on the 17th inst., Reports of the Fruit and Vegetable Committees were presented, up to that date, and the following premiums awarded, viz:

To JAMES MCCARTY, Gardener to J. J. Borie, Esq. the premium of Five Dollars, for a number of uncommonly large "*forced early Cauliflowers*," seldom if ever equalled so early in the season. The premium of Three Dollars, for the best "*forced Head Lettuce*."—Also, the premium of Three Dollars, for his superior "*Lettuce, grown in the open air*," and produced on the 9th of May, six heads of which, when closely trimmed, weighed six and a half pounds.

To JOHN SHERWOOD, Gardener to H. Pratt, Esq. the premium of Five Dollars, for the "*best early Cucumbers*," the specimens exhibited, were such as the Committee had never seen equalled in all respects, so early in the season.

To ROBERT SCOTT, the premium of Three Dollars, for the "*best early Cabbage*," of which four heads, submitted by him, were considered by the Committee, as of uncommon size and excellence.

To EDWIN MATHER, Gardener to Mr. Gratz, the premium of Two Dollars, for "*best Gooseberries*."—Also, the premium of Three Dollars, for the "*best Melongeries*," (egg plant,) produced on the 27th of July, ripe, and remarkably fine, for so early in the season.

To WILLIAM BATES, of Camden, N. J. the premium of Three Dollars, for the *best early peaches*; a very fine seedling variety.

The Council also awarded to JOHN SHERWOOD, an extra premium of Three Dollars, *for early Cauliflowers*, exhibited at different times, which were very fine both in size and quality, and deserving of much praise.

Honorable mention is considered justly due to ROBERT SCOTT, for his fine *early Dutch Turnips*, produced on the 14th of June; bunches of seven turnips weighing nine pounds.—Also, for eight quarts of *Hudson Strawberries*, very superior in size and quality; some of them measuring more than four inches in circumference, but brought forward too late for the premium.

Several very fine specimens of *Gooseberries*, were exhibited by Mr. QUICKFALL and DAVID ALLEN, both of Burlington, N. J.

The Society have observed with great pleasure, an increasing interest and care, among many of our very respectable Gardeners, in the further improvement by cultivation of the varied excellent vegetables, fruits, &c. with which the Philadelphia market abounds, and for which it is so justly celebrated. They respectfully invite all persons having fine fruits or vegetables of their own growth, to submit specimens of them to the inspection of the Committees, who meet on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, from 8 to 10 o'clock, at the Store of D. & C. Landreth, No. 23 Chesnut street, where the premium list may be had.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25th, 1832.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

EDUCATION—PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

In the report of one of the sub-committees of the Committee of Correspondence appointed at the Education town meeting, held in November last, it was suggested, that one of the most effectual means of accomplishing the wishes of the friends of education, would be to appoint a well qualified agent to visit the towns and villages in the State, with the view of awakening public attention, and thus prepare the way for the introduction of *Primary* and *Infant schools*.

A measure to make the experiment, and to ascertain, by actual observation, the state of feeling and opinion, on this subject, I have visited Lancaster and Strasburg with this view, which visit has now fully confirmed me in the practicability and utility of the plan. At the former place, I found two Infant Schools had already been established, which were in a most flourishing state, and which had now the esteem and decided approbation of the intelligent and respectable part of the community.

One of these is a pay school, supported in such a liberal manner, that its simple funds are nearly sufficient to sustain the other composed of 173 children, and to enable its generous patrons to cherish the hope of soon opening a third, for colored children. Judge Franklin informed me, that he had invited in a body the Grand Jury to visit one of these schools, and that they expressed unfeigned surprise and delight in witnessing the performance. This act was judicious, and has already produced the desired effect of extending information and an ardent wish to introduce them in the neighboring towns.

On Monday, the 20th August, one was opened in Columbia, and the way was prepared for commencing another at Strasburg. Lectures and conversations on the subject were listened to with an interest sufficient to convince me that the people of Pennsylvania are ready and willing to adopt a general system of rudimental instruction, which shall combine the qualities of efficiency and economy. Let this plan of Primary Education be introduced into the towns, villages, and thickly settled neighborhoods, a plan by which the ground work and first principles of knowledge may be imparted prior to the age of ten, before the loathsome vices of children are suffered to render them of much use in the workshop or in the field, and depend upon it the advantages will be so apparent, so palpable, that they cannot fail of meeting with the approbation of the people.

M. M. CARLL.

A letter dated in Ohio, the 23d ult. states that some part of the bridge erecting across the Muskingum, at Zanesville, fell, and killed twelve persons, and badly wounded eight others.

SPREAD OF CHOLERA.

PHILADELPHIA.—Germantown, 5 cases and 3 deaths on Sunday last: Moyamensk, August 16th, 13 cases 4 deaths: New Gardens, 12 cases 5 deaths; Milford, 8 cases 2 deaths: Norristown, Aug. 17th, 1 case, absolute death: Harrisburg, 3 deaths by scarlet fever were reported last week.

DELAWARE.—New Castle, 31 cases and 13 deaths from the commencement of the disease: Wilmington, Monday, 2 cases 2 deaths.

MARYLAND.—Baltimore, 27th ult. 22 deaths, 16 colored and 7 white persons; 28th, 15 deaths. At the camp meeting on the bay side, Talbot county, 3 fatal cases have occurred.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Washington. For the 48 hours ending on Saturday at noon, 9 new cases 8 deaths; Aug. 23th, 4 cases 2 deaths.

VIRGINIA.—Norfolk, 24th ult. 8 interments.

NEW JERSEY.—Newark, 27th ult. 8 cases 1 death; 28th, 4 cases 1 death; near Rahway, 6 cases; Camden, 27th, 1 death.

NEW YORK.—Brooklyn, L. I. Aug. 27, 2 cases 2 deaths: Oyster Bay, L. I. 3 cases 2 deaths; Sing Sing State Prison, 25th ult. new cases 3, remaining 47. Albany, Sunday, new cases 4, Monday, new cases 12, deaths 4; Tuesday, 9 cases 3 deaths: Brownville, 23d, 1 case; Lenox, 24th, 22 new cases, 14 deaths; Rochester, 24th, 2 new cases 2 deaths: Ogdensburg, 7th to 21st, new cases 21, deaths 5, 20th to 23d, 2 new cases 1 death: Lockport, 21st, 3 new cases 1 death.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, whole number of deaths last week 14; on Saturday last, 1 fatal case of Cholera: Pepperell, 3 cases 2 deaths.

RHODE ISLAND.—Providence, Sunday, 2 cases 1 death.

CONNECTICUT.—New Haven, 19th to 20th, 14 cases 10 deaths: Fair Haven, 1 death. New Haven Almshouse, Aug. 28th, 3 cases 3 deaths.

CANADA.—Montreal, 17th to 22d, 35 new cases 67 deaths: Prescott, 15th to 20th, 1 case 1 death; Quebec, intermonts and actual deaths from cholera from 8th June, the day on which it first appeared, to 15th Aug. 2020: St. Thomas, 16th, the disease in its malignant form has reinstated in this place.

CUBA.—August 15.—Since our last, we had 2 cases and 1 death—the last an emigrant, occurred at Amboat, as whom we understand. Dr. Gilcrist tried the experiment of *transfusion*—but though the immediate effect was wonderful, restoring color, warmth, and even speech—a relapse shortly ensued, and the man died.

WELLAND CANAL.—From the 10th of July to the 2d of August, there were 22 deaths at Gravelly Bay, and on the new route—the cases of cholera were so numerous, as to frighten the laborers from their work—and now there are not more than twenty-five men on the whole line, where 400 were employed. On Grand's tribucar at Port Dalhousie, there have been cases of cholera, and 3 adults have died since the 26th at Port Dalhousie hospital, and 3 children.

ANTI-CHOLERA.—It is with much pleasure we state, that the British ship George Canning, Stevenson, master, arrived at this port on Sunday, with *two hundred and twenty-two* passengers, having taken on board only *two hundred and twenty*—thus adding two, instead of *diminishing* the number.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

The brig American sailed from Norfolk a few days since with one hundred and twenty-seven emigrants for Liberia. Of this number, eighty-eight were from North Carolina, fifteen from Frederick county, Va. manumitted by Mrs. Ann R. Page, twelve from Washington City, and the remainder from Norfolk. The Society of Friends in Philadelphia have contributed more liberally to this expedition—probably about $2700. The board of Colonization at Washington, intend to despatch 3 or 4 more expeditions before winter, should the necessary funds be realized.

THE ROBBED ROBBER.—For some time past, a lad has been employed in obtaining, small quantities of goods from various places, under the false pretence that his father or his mother or some other person wished to see them. In this roguery he succeeded very well. One day he had the adroitness to obtain a pair of boots to show his father. The boots were taken to Broadway and exchanged for the quarter of a ticket. The ticket drew a prize of a thousand dollars. This good fortune worked his detection:—for he must needs buy a watch, and make a dash at the Five Points. There of course he was robbed; and repairing to the Police for redress, met some of the persons whom he had himself robbed, and was lodged in Bridewell. His reversionary interest in the prize money falls to the honest boot-maker and his associates, "parties of the first part" in the affair.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

EXPLOSION.

WILMINGTON, August 25, 1832.

An explosion took place to-day about noon, of one of Dupont's powder mills. I was distant from the place about six miles, and heard it very distinctly, with its prolonged rumbling echo. It was different from the noise which thunder makes in its character, and I was instantly sure, from the quarter whence it proceeded, that it was a powder mill which had blown up; a huge [illegible] yard which had exploded, where the ingredients are mixed, and that two unfortunate Irishmen had perished—Every part of the mill was blown to atoms, and the bodies of the two men were found, horribly mangled and blackened, on the bank of the creek, covered with rubbish: they had been blown out of the mill with the walls. No other person was maimed.

No assignable cause was given for the unexpected accident, and the most probable reason is the heating of a gudgeon by great friction, which may be so great that, although no visible heat is produced, still the temperature is high enough to fire the dust when extremely fine. It appears there is no safety in mills of this kind, where such friction is not provided against. It would, I think, be the proper duty for the proprietor of these mills, as well as all the proprietors of gunpowder mills, to have the causes of these unaccountable explosions investigated and provided against. Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp has saved hundreds of lives, and science, no doubt, might be applied with excellent effect to the dangers which powder mills are exposed to.

SUICIDE.—We learn that a mournful case of suicide occurred at Walpole on the 10th inst. the particulars of which, so far as we have learned them, are these. The person who committed the dreadful act was an Englishwoman of respectable character. Her husband had been in this country several years, (employed in the Walpole Union Factory,) and she came recently from England to reside with him. She manifested much discontent, however, since her arrival; and at times her mind was so much disordered as to excite in the minds of her friends fears of a settled derangement. On the morning above named she arose in good health, prepared breakfast—and while the family were all seated at the table, she took a razor, and retiring to the privy, locked herself in, and used the fatal instrument with so much force, that her head was nearly severed from her body: The name of the afflicted family we have not learned.—*Dedham Advertiser.*

TRAGEDY.—On Wednesday last, Mr. Paul Standley put an end to his existence in the following shocking manner:—He procured a gun without a lock, loaded it with two balls and fixed it in the crotch of a tree. He then seated himself at the muzzle, took off his coat and vest, struck fire on tinder, and applied a match to the priming by means of a stick in his hand! One ball passed through his heart, and the other lodged in his side. He was a native of Beverly—had lived five years in Manchester, and for the year past had been very intemperate. He has left a wife and seven children.—*Salem (Mass.) Observer.*

The Dutch and the Belgians seem at last to have fairly made up an issue between themselves, without the aid of their masters and sponsors of the London Conference, and, for aught we know, are at this time fighting it out. The Belgian King protests sturdily that he will have no more delay, and that if the Five Powers will not enforce their own decision, he being satisfied with it, will,—and the Dutch King peremptorily refuses to abide by it. Here is room for a pretty quarrel at once, and whether the Dutch King is to be compelled to acquiesce, or the Belgian King is to be compelled to yield further, there is no sign from the confederated umpires. Either way there is no peace yet. The Conference ask of the contending kingdoms to wait yet awhile,—but Leopold is out of patience. An acquiescence in the Treaty by King William before the 20th, or the blockade of Maestricht on the 21st, is his ultimatum. Here is war, and even if the Conference undertake to beat both parties into silence and submission, it is still war, a speck to be sure, but an earnest of what must follow. The Belgian and the Dutchman are both apparently disposed to take their own affairs into their own keeping, and the political quiet of Europe is evidently in a most precarious condition.

At the late fire in Baltimore, an oil store than *two feet* in length, was forced by one of the motion engines from the dock, through *two or three hundred feet* of hose to the nozzle of the pipe.

GIRARD BANK NOTES.—The fine arts are rapidly advancing to a high state of perfection in this country. Our artists are even now powerful competitors with those of Europe, and their productions already begin to excite the admiration, if not the envy of other countries. In the art of engraving, we appear to be particularly successful. We have recently had an opportunity of examining some bank note specimens of this art, by Messrs. Draper, Underwood, Bald and Spencer, of this city, and take pleasure in pronouncing them far superior to any thing of the kind we have ever seen. They are admirably executed, beautiful and appropriate. The notes of the new GIRARD BANK, of this city, which have just been completed by those gentlemen, are particularly worthy of commendation. The five dollar bills, as well as those of higher denominations, are embellished with an admirable likeness of the late Stephen Girard, on each end of the notes. The former have also a vignette, a view of the Philadelphia Exchange, as it will appear when completed—also, a distant view of the Girard Banking House in south Third street.

The vignette of the tens presents a view of that portion of the High street Market House extending from Seventh to Eight streets—with a Conestoga wagon, team of horses, &c. in the fore ground.

The twenties have as a frontispiece, a distant view of a rail-road, over which steam cars are travelling—the front ground of the engraving being prominently occupied by a handsome female figure.

The vignette of the fifties represents, by personifications, commerce and agriculture.

The hundreds have a vignette representing the goddess of the sea, in a car drawn by two horses.

The five hundreds present a magnificent front view of the Girard Bank, and the thousands a personification of the arts. We are sorry our limits do not permit us to give a more detailed and accurate notice of these specimens, but it is impossible for any American to examine them without being surprised as well as gratified, that such admirable workmanship is from the hands of our own countrymen. While upon this subject, we might suggest to such banking institutions as have bad plates, and such as may be readily counterfeited, the propriety of having others substituted from the hands of some of our skilful and enterprising artists. Such a measure would in the end be found one of economy, as banking institutions, whose notes are readily counterfeited, must be materially injured, as well in reputation as in a pecuniary point of view, by the ingenuity of counterfeiters. We learn that no counterfeit has ever been put in circulation on banking institutions whose engraving has been executed by Messrs Draper, Underwood, Bald and Spencer, on their latest plan, which has been the only one made use of by them for several years.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

From Montreal and Quebec—Unwelcome Intelligence.

From our Correspondents. Messrs. H. Gates & Co.

Dated MONTREAL, Aug. 18.

MR. JONES, now at Quebec, writes on the 16th, thus—"A great many new cases of Cholera occurred yesterday and to-day, and in many instances proved fatal in two or three hours. A Mrs. McGill, a young married lady, and a near neighbor of mine, was well and at church yesterday—to-day in her grave." The disease seems to have re-visited Quebec as it did Montreal, attacking the second time more of the better classes of society, and in almost every instance proving most malignant and fatal. From the almost certain termination of death, latterly, of every attack, and the numerous deaths among the higher classes of society, the excitement and alarm have been here and in Quebec as intense as it was while raging so dreadfully among a different class. We cannot but think that its return at Quebec with such violence, is attributable to the same causes as its return here, viz. relaxing the exertions to keep the city clean, and carelessness in diet.

A vessel arrived here night before last, with a considerable number of emigrants. On their arrival at Quebec, they were all healthy, and not a case of any kind of sickness had occurred during the voyage. After leaving Quebec, more than twenty of them were attacked; many died, we believe, before arriving here. They were landed here in boats, and sent off above the city. The vessel was ordered off into the stream, and it is said, and we believe truly, that the mate and five [illegible] were attacked on the night, and the disease is making fearful ravages in a great many of our Canadian villages. We have seen a letter from a most highly respectable individual at York, U. C. stating that out of a population of 8000, it was estimated that 1000 were sick, and twenty to twenty-five dying daily.

[*Albany Argus.*

The Columbia Spy, published at Columbia, in this state, has the following anecdote:—

A few days since, a raw-boned six-footer, carrying a small bundle on his back which contained what of his treasure that did not envelope his person, came into our office and anxiously inquired if we had a map of the state. We answered in the affirmative and handed him one for inspection. After gazing at it for a considerable length of time, without seeming to know what he was looking for or what he wanted, he suddenly turned his eyes on us and feelingly asked, if we knew whether the cholera ever returned to a place after once leaving it. We told him we had known a number of instances of the kind. This answer seemed to perplex him. Our curiosity was so much excited by his singularity, that we were induced to put a few questions to him in return. We learnt that he had been a laboring man near the city, but on the entrance of the cholera into that place, fear had urged him to leave his situation, and he was now fleeing from the disease as though his life depended upon it. He had wandered so far without knowing whither he was going, and thought it time to fix upon some place of destination. While looking over the map the idea had occurred to him, that it would be a good plan to remain here till the cholera had left the city, and then return; but the dread of it again commencing its ravages there, had led him to abandon that design. He left the office with a sorrowful heart, and a pocket almost pennyless, and steering his course for the west—thinking it wise no doubt to be as far from the infected district as possible.

We are favoured with the following extract of a letter from an officer of the North Western Army, to his friend in this city.

"*Rock Island, August 12.*—We have just arrived here from Prairie du Chien, with ten companies of Atkinson's command, leaving six companies at that place. Eustis is expected here with the Chicago troops, and we hope 250 men at least by the addition of

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

The following document shows the number of members of the House of Representatives and Electors of President, to which each State is entitled under the new apportionment; also the number of Electors at the last election, the States being arranged according to representative population.

	Reps.	Electors. 1828.	Electors. 1824.
1. New York*	40	42	36
2. Pennsylvania*	28	30	28
3. Virginia*	22	23	24
4. Ohio†	19	21	16
5. South Carolina*	9	11	15
6. Kentucky*	13	15	14
7. Tennessee*	13	15	11
8. Massachusetts*	12	14	15
9. South Carolina‡	9	11	11
10. Georgia*	9	11	9
11. Maryland*	8	10	11
12. Maine*	8	10	9
13. Indiana†	7	9	5
14. New Jersey*	6	8	8
15. Connecticut*	6	8	8
16. Vermont*	5	7	7
17. New Hampshire*	5	7	8
18. Alabama*	5	7	5
19. Louisiana*	3	5	3
20. Illinois†	3	5	3
21. Rhode Island*	2	4	4
22. Missouri†	2	4	3
23. Mississippi*	2	4	3
24. Delaware*	1	3	3
Total	261	288	261

* Electors chosen by the people by general ticket.
† do. do. by districts.
‡ Electors appointed by the Legislature, South Carolina, being the only state where they are not chosen by the people.

New agents for the N. E. Post and Casket.

L. V. Vose, ... Syracuse, New York.
Jacob L. Thomas, P. M. ..... Doylestown, Bucks County, Pa.
Lewis B. Myers, ... Washington, North Carolina.
S. C. Hill, ... East Liverpool, Ohio.
Isaac Wilson, Esq. P. M. ..... Salem, Ohio.
Wells Bros. P. M. ..... Rockville, Indiana.
S. D. Barry, Esq. ..... Aurora, Portage County, Ohio.
A. L. Roberts, ... Chambersburg, Pa.
D. M. ..... Woodruff's, P. O. South Ca.
Jas. H. Weaver, P. M. ..... Florence, Alabama.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The account of Dartmouth College, came duly to hand. The writer will please accept our acknowledgements for its kindness and attention.

"Essay on Anger," will be published.

"The Last Chain," is objectionable in many respects, particularly in the dry and dull descriptive details, such as occurred in that used by the author, in preferable where embellishment of any sort.

The numbers of the "Poems of Health" are unfortunately crowded. The plot in the tale is excellently worked out, the moral is susceptible of pernicious inferences.

"The Summer Hour," is under consideration.

The length of the tale entitled the "Two Sisters," will prevent its being inserted for some time, but we shall be glad of the communication.

"The Lover's Tear," by Ina, will be inserted.

"Conscience," by O. G. will meet attention.

The article headed Miscellaneous is lack-a-daisical rhyming without sentiment, point or beauty.

We ask the attention of the reader to a communication in this paper, on the subject of Primary Schools, from the pen of the Rev. M. M. Carll. This gentleman, whose labors in this good cause are well understood and appreciated, has just returned from an excursion to some of our western towns, in which he has been lecturing, to awaken the attention of the people to the necessity of an efficient School System. His success, which was beyond his most sanguine expectations, we regard as additional evidence of the importance which reflecting people are beginning to attach to the subject of education.

The Medical Committee of Consultation of the city, the members of which, since their appointment, have proved themselves so eminently worthy of the high trust reposed in them, have recently addressed a communication to the Sanitary Committee, recommending the erection of a permanent Cholera Hospital, to take place of those now open. The Committee are decidedly of opinion, that much of the devastating character of Cholera here, and its destructiveness to the ordinary pursuits of life, have been overcome by the judicious measures of the Sanitary Board, and as they hold the belief that this pestilential scourge may be expected frequently to return, after short intervals of time, they suggest that a wise measure for a mitigation of the evil, would be the erection of a permanent establishment for persons afflicted with it, and with the peculiar diseases which may be its offspring.

From a catalogue of the officers and students of Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, Pa., it appears that there are in that institution, 26 seniors, 28 juniors, 30 sophomores, 54 freshmen, 62 pupils in the Preparatory School, and 13 irregulars. Mathew Brown, D. D. is President of the College.

PORTSMOUTH, VA.

A polite correspondent furnishes us a few notes of this town, from which it appears that the whole population is upwards of five thousand, thirteen hundred of whom are colored. The streets, which are from sixty to one hundred feet wide, cross each other at right angles, and the general plan of the place is similar to Philadelphia. Portsmouth affords one of the finest harbors in America, ships of the largest class may lay with safety at the wharves. The Navy Yard is directly on the southern extremity of Portsmouth, within the boundary of the town. The site was a gift to the United States, on condition that it should be accepted as a Navy Yard. This part of the town is called Gosport, and resembles our Northern Liberties. Another extremity of the town, resembling Southwark, is called Charlestown or Newtown, and is rapidly improving.

Directly south of the Navy Yard, and though joined to the town, without the proper boundaries, is the Dry Dock, for refitting ships, &c.—The town lies on the western shore of the southern branch of Elizabeth river, and is two or two and a half miles from Norfolk.

Our correspondent mentions that in addition to the Post, which is extensively patronised in Portsmouth, there are more than three hundred newspapers, printed in other cities, subscribed for by the inhabitants. From this fact it is fair to infer that a spirit of intelligence and improvement is among them.

The cholera prevails in Portsmouth at this time, to some extent. From the 21st July to 21st August, there were one hundred and fifty deaths from the disease, one hundred and twenty of whom were blacks.

A correspondent of the Miner's Journal mentions a remarkable phenomenon in rain water, which he supposes is in some manner connected with the prevailing epidemic. Rain water which had been caught in a perfectly clean cask, was observed, after standing a few minutes, to acquire a slimy and jelly-like consistence. The writer accounts for this singular circumstance, by supposing that clouds of minute insects, too small to be observed by the naked eye, and floating in the atmosphere, have been washed down by the recent heavy rains.

CHOLERA IN PHILADELPHIA.

Number of persons attacked with the Spasmodic Cholera, and the deaths by that disease, which have taken place in Philadelphia and Liberties, from the 27th of July.

	Cases.	Deaths.
Grand total to Aug. 27th,	2052	710
Sunday, do. 26th,	30	6
Monday, do. 27th,	21	7
Tuesday, do. 28th,	16	2
Wednesday, do. 29th,	20	4
Thursday, do. 30th,	20	3
Friday, do. 31st,	23	5

CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.

Number of persons attacked with the Spasmodic Cholera, and the deaths by that disease in New York city and Isberties, from the commencement to the present.

	Cases.	Deaths.
Grand total to Aug. 27th,	3767	2186
Sunday, August 26th,	30	23
Monday, do. 27th,	40	13
Tuesday, do. 28th,	41	10
Wednesday, do. 29th,	31	5
Thursday, do. 30th,	no report.	

EXPENSIVE LAW-SUIT.—A London paper mentions the conclusion of a prosecution in regard to a will, of several years' standing, in which the costs amounted to upwards of £2,000! The sum in controversy, a legacy, was only £1,800.

The withdrawal of the New York Courier and Inquirer from the support of the Administration, has occasioned a marked sensation in the political world. The reasons assigned by Col. Webb, now sole editor, for the change, occupy more than four of his wide columns. He reviews with ability the various objections made against Gen. Jackson, and is particularly severe upon the President's exposition of constitutional doctrines, as given by him in the Veto message. In reference to the closing up of the Bank U. S. Col. Webb says:—"The farmer, the mechanic, and the merchant, will alike be prostrated. Bankruptcy and ruin will be the fate of thousands and tens of thousands; and the speculator, the man of dollars, the money-changers of the land, will revel in the indiscriminate ruin they have produced, and the general plunder they will divide with their unprincipled associates. This is no painting of the imagination—no picture of distress drawn to alarm a confiding people—but a melancholy truth verified by the experience of the past, when the old Bank of the United States, with only eleven millions of capital and thirteen millions of discounts, was required to wind up its concerns, aided by seven millions of dollars in the public treasury. Now we have a Bank of thirty-five millions, with sixty millions of discounts, and in the west alone, they have *thirty-millions* of discounts more than the amount they hold of the stock of the institution! Let every honest man then, put to himself the question—What will be the result of winding up the present institution?"

The Postmaster General has recently established a semi-weekly mail from Tuckerton to Philadelphia, and re-established the post-office at Sooy's Inn, N. J. on the old mail-stage route from this city to Tuckerton, 37 miles from the former and 15 from the latter, and re-appointed P. S. Sooy, post-master. This arrangement will be a great accommodation to the public, as the office is within three miles of Martha Furnace and M'Carthy's Mills, both establishments being now in operation. At the latter place, Mr. M'Carthy is about erecting a paper mill and printing office. The Postmaster General has also re-established the post-office at Ation, N. J. and re-appointed Samuel B. Finch, postmaster. Both the offices above named are on the direct and nearest route from Philadelphia to Tuckerton, which route and offices were established in the days of Washington.

In compliance with a request made by the Sanitary Committee, the Managers of the Arch street Theatre have concluded to defer opening that house for the present. The request was made no doubt under a belief that large and crowded assemblies, and the consequent heat and excitement, are calculated to have an injurious tendency, especially until we are assured that our atmosphere is thoroughly purged of all pestilential vapours; and, under a belief of the force of this reasoning, it has been acceded to. The very favorable reports of the Board of Health, during the past week, give strong promise, however, that the postponement will be of short duration. Already we are tempted to congratulate our readers upon the entire cessation of the Cholera in our city, but lest that should tempt them to the indulgence of excess in eating and drinking—especially of forbidden fruits, vegetables and liquors—we forbear. We would strongly urge upon all, the imperative necessity of continued abstinence. As our prudence, under the blessing of Providence, has contributed mainly to the mitigation of the evils and horrors of the pestilence, so will the exercise of the same discretion prevent its return with tenfold violence.

The theatrical winter campaign promises to be unusually attractive this season. The Arch street house has been refitted during the vacation, and will be opened with many decided improvements. The best performers of the old company have been retained, and many of decided merit added. Among these we may mention the names of Mr. & Mrs. Jno. Green, Mr. T. Placide, an inimitable disciple of the comic muse; and Mr. F. Wemyss. Mr. E. Forrest, we also, at short intervals, throw in his powerful aid; and informally it has been mentioned that, Mr. Chas. Kemble, Miss Kemble, and Mr. J. Wallack, from "across the water," may be expected to appear. The managers have made arrangements for producing, in the course of the season, Dr. Bird's new Tragedy of Oralloosa, regarded by critics as superior to his Gladiator, as well as every other attractive novelty they can lay hands on. Upon this point we are easily satisfied, as our confidence in the ability and enterprise of the managers, based on the knowledge of their untiring efforts during the whole of the late protracted campaign, is unlimited.

The Chesnut street Theatre, will also open in a few weeks, with a strong and efficient corps. It will be under the same efficient managers who controlled the nightly entertainments last winter, and much from them is also expected. Report speaks of the contemplated production of several Operas, not inferior in merit and splendor to that of Cinderella; and of the successive appearance of a number of popular stars.

It is probable also that, before the season is over, we shall be visited by the celebrated Italian troupe, who have just arrived at New York from Europe. At present, in consequence of the protracted stay of the cholera, at New York, they are piping their voices to the woods of Long Island, but arrangements will soon be made for their introduction in New York.

The Union Hotel, in Georgetown, D. C. a large and commodious edifice, was entirely consumed by fire, on Sunday night last. The fire engines of the town, were promptly taken to the scene of conflagration, but the height of the building was so great that their operations were attended with little benefit. The property destroyed, has been valued at one hundred thousand dollars. There was no insurance on any part of it.

A disgraceful row fight took place on Sunday last in the neighborhood of Fourth and Shippen streets.

The cessation of the Cholera at this particular time is regarded as peculiarly fortunate for the revival of business in this city. We question whether a better season for the pestilence could have been selected, had our choice been consulted. It came and remained with us in and during those months in which mercantile and mechanical business is invariably dull, and in which hundreds of our citizens annually seek recreation in the country; and it has left us before the fall trade, the most profitable of all to our commercial men, usually commences, and just at the period when the absent are expected to return. The fall trade will now speedily open with its accustomed vigor and activity, and its benefits, we trust, will more than counterbalance the temporary inconvenience which has been sustained.

The merchants of Philadelphia held a meeting on Wednesday last, with reference to a revival of business at which it has resolved to address their country correspondents, assuring them of the decline of the epidemic, and of their readiness to answer all orders which may be made upon them, either personally or by letter. This measure no doubt will have a good effect.

Absentees may now return to their houses with perfect safety. Perhaps there is less danger here than in particular sections of the country, which, during the autumnal months, are generally affected with intermittent fevers.—Those who have already returned have expressed much surprise at finding the city so lively. Where they expected to see long faces and desolate streets, they have found smiling visages, and fashion, activity and bustle.—Our city has fully resumed its accustomed animation. Our fashionable streets are filled at all hours with well dressed belles and beaux, and in those places where "merchants most do congregate," there is a superabundance of bales and boxes, packages and casks, giving goodly token of the resumption of trade.

A change of air and water usually produces a change in the animal system, hence it will be necessary for those who return to the city, after an absence of some weeks, to exercise more than ordinary caution in their diet, until they become assimilated to our atmosphere.

Atkinson's Casket for September, just published, is embellished with a portrait of Samuel Adams, a distinguished patriot of the revolution, whose eminent services contributed so largely to the independence of our country. It contains also a view of the celebrated Leaning Towers at Bologna, regarded by travellers as the most extraordinary of all curiosities; a representation of La Tour du Marche, at Bergues, in French Flanders; several cuts illustrative of Natural History subjects, and eight varieties of the North American Grape Vine. The reading contents, original and selected, are rich, animated and spicy, blending the useful with the sweet, and of a character calculated to sustain the extensive popularity which this work enjoys.

In another column the reader will find a notice of premiums which the publisher of the Casket has just offered for approved Literary articles, for the next volume of that work, to be commenced in January, 1833. To those who delight in literature, there is a fine opportunity for the display of genius.

COOPER'S NEW NOVEL.—Messrs. Carey & Lea will re-publish, in a few days, Cooper's new novel, called "The Baron of Hartenbury, or the Heidenmauer, a Legend of the Rhine." The work is highly spoken of in the English Reviews and Magazines, and we await its publication with impatience.

VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Mr. H. S. Tanner, of this city—well known as a geographer of much experience—has published a neat volume of 350 pages, entitled a "View of the Valley of the Mississippi, or the Emigrants' and Traveller's Guide to the West;" which he has embellished with a colored Map of the United States, and with separate maps of each. This work, we suspect, will be found a valuable addition to those already published on the geography of America. It furnishes, in a brief and compact form, a general description of the entire Valley, as well as notices of the soil, productions, rivers, and other channels of intercourse and trade; and likewise of the cities and towns, progress of education, &c. of each state and territory. The author appears to have employed much care and industry in preparing his notes, and the sketches he has furnished, will materially aid those who are anxious for a more perfect knowledge of the "Great West."

"*The Protector*," is the title of a new weekly paper, of imperial size, which has just been commenced in Kensington, Philadelphia county. It is published by J. Metcalfe, and edited by Jesse Y. Castor, Esq. The paper will give an efficient support to the great and leading principles of Pennsylvania, and we may add, American policy.

GREENLOW ON CHOLERA.—Messrs. Carey & Lea have re-published a work, called "Cholera, as it recently appeared in the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead; including cases illustrative of its physiology and pathology, with a view to the establishment of sound principles of practice." It is an able exposition of the nature of this new and hitherto almost unknown disease, and will be found of great value, especially to the Medical faculty.

The author, after treating of the name, physiology and pathology of the disease, adduces a number of cases illustrative of the four degrees into which he has classed the Cholera. These instances are such as come under his personal notice.

The predisposing causes of Cholera, he divides into two classes—natural and acquired. The natural causes arise from the peculiar organic structure of the individual, and the constitutional tendency to specific diseases. The acquired causes are to be found in whatever has a tendency to debilitate moral or physical health; more especially to diminish the healthy tone of the digestive system. After speaking of the powerful influence of fear, as a predisposing cause, he adds:—

"It has been remarked that wherever Cholera has hitherto prevailed, it has principally attacked the broken down in constitution, the dissolute, the abject poor, those devoid of proper bodily comforts, whether in lodging, clothing, or diet, those enfeebled by age, and the inhabitants of low, dirty, and ill-ventilated situations; and, with few exceptions, such has been the case in Newcastle. These, then, must be considered as the general predisposing causes of an acquired physical nature; we may add to these exposure to great fatigue, damp, cold, or dietetic excess. A diligent inquiry would, I am satisfied, enable us to discover instances of all these circumstances having led, more or less, directly to the attack; but of the effect of the latter cause in particular—dietetic excess—the extraordinary irruption of the disease at Gateshead, in the midst of the Christmas feastings, affords a most remarkable example."

Dr. Greenlow devotes considerable space to the discussion of the true nature of the Cholera, and submits, in conclusion, the following propositions:—

"That the principle of contagion is acknowledged to be inequal to the explanation of the manner in which the disease extends itself, without the assistance of an epidemic condition of the atmosphere.

"That an atmospheric agency—of more or less intensity, and of greater or more confined extension, which visits different places in succession, generally leaving, partially or entirely, one place before it arrives at another whose distance is not very considerable—appears solely and fully equal to the production of the phenomena which attend the progress of this extraordinary disease."

Barnes, arrested some time since in Painesville, Ohio, for rape and murder committed on a girl of fourteen, has been tried and acquitted for want of positive evidence. Popular opinion is said to be strong against him.

Several of the buildings fitted up for the reception of Cholera patients, on the breaking out of the disease in the city, were edifices erected for public school purposes, the pupils in which, pursuant to an order of the controllers, were temporarily dismissed. This measure, though one which occasioned great inconvenience to the directors and much loss of time to the pupils, was acceded to under a belief that the distressing calamity which was about visiting us, should be provided against by every possible means, of which none could be more effectual than a sufficient number of commodious hospitals. Now, however, since the decline of the pestilence, it is important that the schools should be resumed as speedily as possible. Hundreds of children who might be profitably engaged in obtaining instruction are idling about the streets, because the schools are closed—and although several hospitals have been discontinued, at the instance of the Medical Board, possession of the buildings has not been given up to the directors, so that they are unable to re-assemble their scholars.

It would not, certainly, be judicious to close all the hospitals, but there are several buildings so employed, which are not required for schools. These might be retained by the Sanitary Committee, and possession of the others—after a thorough purging and cleansing—given up to the directors, and put in order for the reception of pupils. This matter is one of much importance, and we have no doubt it will be so considered by those who have the buildings in charge.

CHOLERA INFAN.—A man died of cholera caused by eating currants. A woman had a relapse of the disease after eating baked pears. A man after having been fattened on clams while laboring under diarrhœa, was attacked and died with cholera the same day. A woman had an attack after eating heartily of baked beans. A woman had a severe attack, induced by eating green grapes and plums; she is now in a state of collapse, and not expected to recover.—*N. Y. paper.*

THE WEST.—There are 201 steamboats which ply the Western waters at this time, and 30 more are on the stocks. Their tonnage is estimated at about 50,000 tons in active employment, and worth between three and four millions of dollars. Add to these the flats and keel boats, and we may form some faint idea of the business which is carried on in the Western waters. The steamboats alone are estimated to employ between three and four thousand hands.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The Board of Health of Philadelphia have issued a card recommending Philadelphians who are about to return.

Mr. Roberts gives another musical entertainment this evening, at the Masonic Hall.

In Manayunk, Penn. two societies have recently been formed—a temperance society, and an anti-temperance club.

Samuel Davis, Secretary of the Sanitary Committee of the city of Philadelphia, acknowledges the receipt of the sum of $10, enclosed in a letter, without a name, dated 25th Aug., 1832, postmarked "James Ferrace," and requesting it to be appropriated to the benefit of orphans whose parents have died of cholera. The benevolent donor is informed that his wishes have been complied with.

The body of a new born mulatto infant was found in an alley near the Commissioners Hall, N. L. yesterday morning. Marks of violence, it is said, were discovered on it.

A gentleman who has recently spent a few days with his friends in Galway, Saratoga Co. informs us, that that there was considerable alarm at that place from several sudden deaths among their horses and horned cattle—and that on the examination of the bodies of two of them, there was an indication of the same course of death as are found in a human body which has died of Cholera, viz: the blood thick and coagulating at the breast.

The Truck Merchants, says the Camden, N. J. Mail, complain lustily of the dullness of the market; rumous prospects before them. The peach crop is very light, and apples very scarce.

In Salem, Massachusetts, a few weeks since, a nest of rattlesnakes was discovered which contained eighty-six of those reptiles from one to six inches in length.

A letter from a gentleman residing at Cassinoli, says, that on the 25th July the north shore of the Oneida Lake was discovered to be lined with dead fish, principally white fish, pike, and perch.

The Dysentery prevails to an alarming extent in the vicinity of Greensburg, Pa. Within three or four weeks, from 30 to 40 deaths have occurred.

Mr. Ebenezer Buckingham was thrown off a bridge over the Muskingum river, near Zanesville, Ohio, on the 22d ult. and drowned. The accident was occasioned by one of the piers of the bridge giving way before the force of a heavy swell.

The steamboat Champlain, on Tuesday last, performed the trip between New York and Albany in nine hours and forty-nine minutes, including all lots of time by stopping.

The Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer says—"We have just learned that Governor Stokes has accepted the appointment conferred on him by the President and Senate, and resigned the office of Governor of this State. We believe this is the first occasion in which the office of Governor has ever been vacant, either by death or resignation. It is also reported, that David F. Caldwell, Esq. the Speaker of the Senate, refuses to act as Governor, in consequence of its interference with his private affairs."

Fifteen hundred European emigrants have arrived in Baltimore since last Monday.

The official returns from Kentucky give Breathitt, the Jackson candidate for Governor, a majority of 1,969 votes over his opponent, Mr. Buckner, and Morehead, the Clay candidate for Lieutenant Governor, a majority of 2,294 over Mr. Taylor, the Jackson candidate.

A man calling himself Abel S. Perkinson has been apprehended in Baltimore for passing spurious money.—Counterfeit $5 notes to the amount of $2,750, on the Salem and Philadelphia Manufacturing Company, were found in his possession.

The annual commencement of Yale College, took place on the 13th inst. The decree of A. B. was conferred on 52 young gentlemen. No honorary degrees were conferred. We are happy to learn that the $50,000 fund has been subscribed towards the $100,000 fund, which was commenced about a year since, for the benefit of the institution.

Two persons were arrested on Monday, at New York, and fully committed, for attempting to pass counterfeit two dollar notes on the Manhattan Bank.

Mr. Joseph Morse, of West Newbury, aged 26, was drowned in Merrimack river, off Amesbury Ferry, on the 21st ult. He fell in a very dark night from a boat loaded with hay.

The large and well-finished house, owned and occupied by Col. F. Freeman, near Conn. river, in Plainfield, N. H., was consumed by fire on the 18th inst. together with most of its contents and several out-houses. The family were absent at a funeral at the time the fire took. Loss estimated at about $3000—1000 only insured by the N. H. Mutual.

The steamboat North America arrived at New York from Albany, on Monday evening last, with 200 passengers on board.

Upwards of *one thousand* emigrants arrived at New York on Sunday last.

EXECUTION.—Sovereign, who killed his wife and six children some time last winter, in London township, Upper Canada, was executed at that place on the 17th inst.

The British citizens in the West Indies appear to be actively and successfully engaged in watching the slave-traders. The schooner Speedwell lately captured one bound to Cuba with 016 slaves on board, after an action of half-an hour. She has also taken another with 134 slaves.

The Schuylkill Navigation Company, has engaged Dr. Mifflin to visit the line of their works, and give advice and attendance to those who may suffer from the cholera.

A letter, purporting to be written by one John Bradley, an Englishman, from Philadelphia, has been extensively circulated in the form of a handbill, in the manufacturing districts of England, in order to discourage emigration. One of his remarks relating to the country is, that the birds have no song and the flowers no fragrance.

As the mail stage was crossing the Kanawha river, (Va.) on the 9th inst. the chain which fastened the ferry boat to the landing place, was passed before the hind wheels of the stage had entered the boat. The stage containing 8 passengers, among them Mr. Plummer, M. C. of Mississippi, was precipitated into the river. The passengers, baggage, and mail, were recovered, but the horses were drowned.

President Jackson arrived at the Hermitage, Tenn., on the 15th inst.

Doctor Spurzheim, the celebrated Phrenologist, is in Boston.

A day or two since, a young man in New York, having received $600 in payment of a prize drawn in a lottery, was followed by a fellow who was a stranger to him, and who accused him, telling him he was an officer and he must give up his money. The young man refusing, the accused took it from him by force, and ran away with it. He has since been arrested and recognised as an old offender.

At a conference of the ministers of the Canadian Episcopal Methodist Church, recently held at Hallowell, U. C. a union between the British and Canadian Methodists was agreed upon.

The Hartford (Md.) Republican mentions a recent suit, brought by Eliza Ward against Leo Magness, for a breach of marriage promise, in which the plaintiff recovered the sum of 1625 dollars, for her disappointment.

LEAD CANNON.—We learn from the Galena Gazette, that leaden guns have been cast for the defence of a stockade at Col. Wm. S. Hamilton, on the Pick-a-ton-ic-ke, thirty miles east of that town, as no iron or brass pieces were to be obtained, resort was had to ingenuity, and the harden pieces were found to be well fitted for the object desired.

We learn from the African Repository that Henry Sheldon, Esq. of New York, has made a donation of two thousand dollars to the American Colonization Society, for the establishment of a High School at Liberia in Africa.

A lady in Barnstable recently found in her chamber a living adder, about three feet long. It was concealed behind a trunk near the chimney, through which it was supposed to have entered. It was captured after a short chase.

A state Convention of the Union party is to be held at Columbia in South Carolina, on the second of September next, to take into consideration the expediency of a Southern Convention, with reference to the Tariff. The Nullifiers mock at this proposed Convention, and say that it will be of no avail.

Mr. Wallack, of Drury Lane, has arrived at New York, and is about to appear at the Park theatre.—Miss Vincent is playing at the Bowery.

The city of Lancaster continues free from Cholera and all pestilential disease.

Samuel Knight and William Grover were examined before the police Court in Salem on Wednesday, on a charge of causing a groundless alarm of fire. Grover was discharged, but Knight was fined $13 44, including costs.

The first impression of a drunkard is a grin, the last a grasp; sizzled, he imagines himself a prince; sober, he finds he is only a pauper.

Mormonism has broken out in Lynn, Mass. and has carried off several persons.

A letter from Elizabeth City, N. C. under date of the nineteenth inst. says—"I have to announce to you the distressing intelligence of the death of Captain Geo C. Wheeler. He died this forenoon on board the Steamboat Walter Raleigh. He left here last night for Plymouth, was taken sick on the river, and returned, getting here about day light. He had immediate medical attendance, but too late."

Hacket, the American Comedian, has made an engagement with the managers of Drury Lane Theatre. He will sail for London early in December.

Two men have been apprehended at Huntingdon, charged with passing counterfeit notes on the Harrisburg Bank.

Bartholomew Davis, from Chicago, on his way to New-London, Conn., died in the Poor House near Seneca Falls, of cholera, on the 11th. Said his wife and four children were massacred by the Indians four weeks ago.

At South Harwich, on the 7th instant, a black snake was killed, measuring three feet in length, and on account of its extraordinary circumference was opened, and found to contain fifty-five young snakes, measuring each from three to four inches in length.

On Saturday last, a convict named William Whitman, who was imprisoned in Sing Sing, for robbing the Mayor of Albany, although laboring under a severe stage of the cholera, contrived to effect an escape from the Prison during the heavy rain. From the state in which he was when he left the prison, it is believed that he must have perished in the woods—nothing, however, has been heard of him since.

The Branch Bank of the United States at New York, has made a donation of $500 for the suffering poor of that city. The President, Cashier and Directors have contributed $200 besides, for the same purpose.

"ASSORTED CHANGE.—The Washington Telegraph declares, that it will henceforth be devoted to a decided cooperation with the opposers of General Jackson. To counteract the Globe, the Telegraph will issue editions of about 20,000, with important matter."

A letter from Vienna, estimates the number of deaths by cholera in the Austrian dominions at 400,000, viz.—320,000 in Hungary, 100,000 in Galicia. 80,000 in Bohemia, Moravia and Austria.

A canal boat was carried over the dam below the Cohoes bridge, on Monday last, in attempting to cross the Mohawk, and Mr. S. P. Paige, of Providence, was drowned.

The political speeches of General Lafayette have been collected into a separate work, which is now in press at Paris, and shortly to be published.

Six prisoners, confined in the New-Hampshire State Prison, made their escape, a few nights since, by cutting through the stone wall above, and then through the roof.

It is stated in the papers, that Miss CLARA, the dwarf lady has died in Montreal of Cholera.

A correspondent informs us that on Sunday last, a lad who had fell into the river from Market Street Wharf, was saved from drowning by the intrepidity of David P. Moore.

A soldier belonging to Fort Independence, deserted on Friday and was fallen in with by the schooner Ariel, between the Fort and Governor's Island, mounted upon a log, with a small bundle upon his back, and by means of his shoes, which he used for paddles, was making his way for Governor's Island.

The question of the adoption of a State Government, is to be submitted to the people of Michigan Territory, at their election in October next.

The Presbyterian Church of the United States comprehends 21 synods, 110 presbyteries, 2,381 congregations, 1,750 ordained bishops, 295 licenciates, 220 candidates, and 217,346 communicants. Of the last, 41,040 were added during the last year.

An acre of ground in the vicinity of Newburyport, Mass. produced last year, 6401 bushels of onions, from three pounds of seed.

The public are cautioned (says the New York Courier & Enquirer) against a new counterfeit bill for $5, on the Manhattan Company. The number is 2210, date 24th February, 1830, signed M. Gelston, President, Cashier, Robert White. The counterfeit is very well executed.

Dr. Wm. H. Turner, of Newport, R. I. was overset in his chaise on Monday last, and severely injured. Mrs. Lyon was also hurt—the affrighted horse striking her in the street.

Mr. Frederick Kellogg, of Auburn, N. Y. was instantly killed on Thursday last, by being thrown from his horse. The horse reared and pitched forward, when Mr. K. fell upon his head and died instantly.

Lorenzo Dow is now engaged in his ministerial services at Brooklyn, Conn.

The list of candidates for civil offices in the Cherokee nation, as announced in the Phœnix, contains the following, among other names:—Sleeping Rabbit, Sweet Water, Bunnin Nose, Parched Corn.

A new play has been brought out at the Paris theatres, in which Dr. Franklin is the hero.

WILLIAMS'

Table Rule for Cutting Gentlemen's Garments to fit the Human Shape, and warranted to fit in all cases, without the aid of a journeyman.

THIS self varying system has an advantage over all other rules, as it requires no judgment of the tailor to make a complete and fashionable garment.

The subscriber is now publishing reports of Paris and London Fashions, for the especial use of Tailors, Hatters, Milliners, and Dress Makers, at No. 192 Vine street, Philadelphia. Delivered quarterly at five dollars per annum.

The publication of the Fashions will appear each and every person who may subscribe to this work, $1 as a commission for his services; the $5 will be expected on the delivery of the work.

The Fashions will be published in advance of every other publication throughout the United States, the engravings to be decidedly superior to any work heretofore offered to the public.

Remittances by mail or otherwise, will be punctually attended to. Specimen sheets and plates will be carefully sent to those who order them.

N. B. Subscribers, wishing the report of Paris and London Fashions without the information of cutting, will be charged $2 per annum.

All letters per mail must be post paid.

JAMES WILLIAMS, Jr.

CAUTION.—The public is respectfully notified that there is a number of collectors on this work, and no one of them are authorised to receive money on account of the work, except one duly authorised, as specified in prospectus, that is to say, the collectors are provided with a book, in which there is a receipt form for each and every subscriber to the work, which is to pay the full compensation for his labour in collecting subscribers.

The work will not be delivered without the subscriber's order. Each subscriber will give an order for the work at the time of subscribing.

All persons are cautioned against purchasing or using said cards sold, or the pretended, square and rule bearing the name, without the author's signature to the obligation, under the penalty of the law.

No person is authorised to sign any receipt for me, except my son, James B. Williams.

JAMES WILLIAMS, Sr.

The editors of the newspapers (daily and weekly) published in Philadelphia, will please copy this advertisement three times. Also, the following editors in New York: Mercantile Courier and Enquirer, Journal of Commerce, Daily Advertiser & Patriot; Baltimore American, National Intelligencer, Washington; Alexandria Gazette; Richmond Compiler; Charleston Courier; Georgian, daily; New Orleans Advertiser; Mobile Commercial Register; Cincinnati Daily Advertiser; Louisville Journal; Nashville Banner; Fayetteville Observer, N. C.; St. Louis Beacon; Pittsburgh Pa. Gazette.

Bills to be sent to No. 193 Vine street, for payment.

sept 1—3t

New Paper Warehouse,

No. 11 Minor Street. Minor street runs from Fifth to Sixth, between Market and Chesnut.

S. WALLIS, Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of *Charles Wagner's* fine stock and stand owned by him, will continue to keep on hand a large and constant supply of all kinds of paper, &c. at the lowest mill prices, viz. Printing, Writing, Letter &c. Bonnet, Sheathing, Colonnade Boards, Pasteboard, Boards, Fine Boards, Wrapping Paper, &c. &c. sept 1—3t

To Surgeons, Dentists, and Druggists.

PURE MADEIRA, Cutler, Surgical Instrument, and Elastic Truss Maker, at the sign of the Golden Lancet, No. 117 North Third street, has a few dozen above Razor, keeps on hand Surgical Instruments, of the best quality, and finest finish. Also, razors, penknives, scissors, horse, razor strops, and every other article in his line. Also, a variety of fine ivory, horn and pearl scales, for pen knives, &c. Penknife blades, and all kinds of cutlery ground and polished in the best manner. sept 1—3t

Six Cents Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 10th of August, *John Bishop*, an indented apprentice boy, 14 years of age, dark complexion; had on dark mixed pantaloons and vest of, cotinett. All persons are forbid harboring the said apprentice. Any person lodging said boy in the country jail shall receive the above reward, but no charges.

THOMAS MOORE.

Upper Merion Township, Montgomery Co.

sept 1—3*

To the Ladies.

JUST received, a splendid assortment of Head Rags of various colors, jet cut with pin heads, &c. At GEO. W. TAYLOR'S Jewellery and Thimble Manufactory, No. 48 Arch street, between Second and Third streets, Philadelphia.

N. B. Head Rags constantly on hand. sept 1—4t

Houses to Let.

IN Colorchink Village, Sixth street, four houses now finished, 1 double and 3 single; rent, 62 75 and $100 per month. Mechanics now have a good opportunity, when about to commence the building of acquiring the fresh air of the healthy place, by applying immediately on the premises, as many applications have been made. sept 1—3t*

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

THREE volumes of this popular Journal are now published, and may be obtained, neatly bound, at the publication office, No. 13 Hudson's Alley, and of booksellers generally.

Editors of the volumes, put up in paper covers for transportation by mail, may pass free of postage. sept 1—tf

Haydon's Picture.

THIS splendid picture will remain in this city until the first of October next, at the Saloon of the Adelphi, south Fifth below Chesnut street. Those who intend visiting it, this early notice of its departure is given. A work of art like the present can rarely be found on this side the Atlantic. A description of the first picture in England, which occupied four years of his life in finishing, containing upwards of 20 full sized colossal figures, with the appearance of thousands in the distance; the subject of the subject—"The Banishment of the Duke of Gloster into the Irish Channel"—altogether forms a spectacle which ought to command the attention not only of immediate neighbors of the fine arts, but of the whole christian community. It will be exhibited during the month of September, from 9 in the morning until 10 in the evening. It will be brilliantly illuminated, and is open with great effect by lamp light.

Admittance 25 cents, children half price. sept 1—4t

Philadelphia High School for YOUNG LADIES.

THE duties of this Institution will be resumed on the first day of October next, instead of the first of September, as has been heretofore usual.—The Principal will be happy again to meet his Pupils and Parents, and to receive such applications as may be made for admission of other young ladies, at No. 9 Franklin Row, South Ninth Street.

The members of the First Department of the last year, and those parents who have signified will please to resume their attendance on the 1st, instead of the 1st of October, as has been contemplated. The Principal has been actuated thus to protract the vacation, in consequence of the absence from the city of many of his patrons. CHAS. HENRY ALDEN, Principal.

sept 1—3t

Copper for Sale.

A QUANTITY of old copper, of the very best quality, in a good order for engravers, will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply at this office. may 19—2t

ALMANAC.

1832. SEPTEMBER.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
1 Saturday,	5 32	6 28	7 31	
2 Sunday,	5 34	6 26	8 22	D. H. M.
3 Monday,	5 35	6 25	9 8	
4 Tuesday,	5 36	6 24	9 57	
5 Wednesday,	5 37	6 23	10 46	First 1 8 29
6 Thursday,	5 39	6 21	11 39	Full 10 0 32
7

All things abound with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if them have the vein.

Parody on two Drunkards,
Found sleeping in an Orchard.

Beneath those apple trees, that cherry's shade,
Where curious browse the busy wand'ring sheep;
There by their bottle's neck the gaulers laid,
In woful silence pass their dreamless sleep.

For them no more the witty joke can turn,
Or busy wonder ply her scanty fare;
No steeple spreak no greet their bowl return,
Or loose its hold to give them each a share.

Oft did the supple to their pinchers yield,
Their anxious mouth the scuin has often broke;
How crooked did they make their tracts afield,
How bow'd their form beneath the demon's stroke.

Let not the crickers make insidious ding,
Or greedy horse-flies batun their aching head;
Or fell mosquitoes, on incessant wing,
Disturb the quiet of their lowly bed.

The stately head—the genius flower,
And all the tasters of the earth-born mog,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths or rippling lead—but to the jug.

For who to total abstinence a prey,
His secret hidden cupboard e'er resign'd?
Left the sweet nozzle of a demijohn,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

Full many a bead of brightest glass serene,
The clear transparent waves of whiskey bear,
Full many a man lies drunken and unseen,
And wastes his vigour in the midnight air.

We were quite amused the other day with an answer given by a green looking chap to several boys who were standing around him. He said, "What looks the most like bed's cheese?" They immediately set their wits to work. Some guessed the moon, others a grindstone split open, but finally gave it up. "Why, you darned chowder-heads, it's the *other half*, don't you know."

The Evidence of the Fiend.—"You remind me of an anecdote I have heard. Mr. Wood, the singer, finding himself abused by a particular paper, sent the editors a five pound note, with his compliments, stating his unwillingness under the necessity of their services, and requesting more forbearance in future. It was complied with: the paper complained of became his advocate, and asserted boldly, he had vastly improved of late through attention to their wholesome suggestions."—*Letter from Mr. Wilmot.*

Puns pungently pointed, and perpetrated promptly, are productive of a proruption of a pretty proportion of piquant pleasure, but puns protracted and re-produced in every possible position, and in every person's promises, should be punishable by propulsion of the perpetrator from punning presence.—*Lowell Compend.*

One Lord's day afternoon, the late Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, perceiving some of his hearers to be drowsy, as soon as he had ended his ten, he struck his bible three times against the pulpit, calling out:—"What! asleep already! I am often afraid I shall preach you asleep, but the fault cannot be mine to-day, for I have not yet begun!"

"Once a captain always a captain," is an old maxim, and our national fondness for giving and continuing titles, both civil and military, has been the subject of much remark and merriment among foreigners. A Maine paper continues the list of instances of this propensity, in the shape of a notice, forbidding any person to deal with the *Lieutenant* John Andrews, a *town pauper*." If he were in England he might *sell his commission*, and then keep himself off the Town.

CONFESSOR TO THE LATE DR. R.—Dear Sir, I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged: and I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged friend, Miss Eliza. I beg your pardon, but wrote your name in mistake for that of her sister Ann. I ask: and have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother, J. R. The Dr. and Miss Ann were married, and as they say in fairy tales, "lived very happy all the rest of their lives."

"It were of poor taste."—Judge Brackenridge, who had lately made some stir in the political world, and who is of a comical and droll cast of countenance, resided some years in Florida, it is said, after he was engaged to be married to a lady in one of the middle States. During this time, her beauty was somewhat impaired by the loss of one or two of her fore teeth. This circumstance gave her some uneasiness; and when she appeared in the presence of her lover, after his return from Florida, she asked him if he thought her much altered. He replied that he saw no alteration, except in her fore teeth; but, said he, I do not regard that. *I'll marry you in spite of your teeth.*

A London paper, in speaking of the vast quantity of trash pouring in in the shape of congratulations for the safety of the King against the *stone* which "hit" his sacred Majesty's head, says—"If there had been a particle of *brains* behind the place where the stone struck, there would have been no occasion for those addresses." What a loyal subject!

The friend of a well known personage having expressed his astonishment at the latter's apparent intimacy with a certain individual of an equivocal character: "Yes," said the wit, "I always take the knave by the hand to prevent him from putting it in my pocket."

Power of Eloquence.—The accomplished sceptic, Chesterfield, was present when Whitfield presented the votary of sin under the figure of a blind beggar, led by a dog. The dog had broken the string. The blind cripple, with his staff between both hands, groped his way, unconscious, to the side of a precipice. As he felt along with his staff, it dropped and down in the descent, too deep to send back an echo. He thought it on the ground, and bending forward, took one careful step to recover it. But he trod on vacancy—poised for a moment—and as he fell headlong,—Chesterfield sprang from his seat, exclaiming, "By heavens, he is gone!"

The flea, called by the Arabian "the father of leapers," and the locusts, jump two hundred times their own length; and, supposing the same relative force to be infused into the body of a man six feet high, he would be able to leap three times as high as St. Paul's.

An article in the last number of Silliman's Journal furnishes an account of a descent in the diving bell at Portsmouth in 1805. Two Yankees there were bent upon plucking up a gondola laden with bar iron. They continued under water upwards of an hour, and were seventy feet below the surface. In a clear day they could read a coarse print at this depth. As they moved the pebbles at the bottom of the river, they left tracks behind in, in great numbers, coming up like a flock of chickens to be fed.

"They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me."

No prismatic colors, no eye of Antiopera, no changes in the Kaleidoscope, no woodlands bending with icy sheet, are equal in beauty to the scenery described by the adventurers, at the bottom of the Piscataqua.

THE RULING PASSION.

It happened on a certain time, at the assizes of an English county-town, that among the prisoners tried and condemned, was one who had been convicted of housebreaking, and ordered to be executed. Part of the sentence was, that after he was dead his body should be delivered to the surgeons for dissection.

When the day appointed for the execution came, the prisoner was brought out and hanged, and in due time he was cut down, and in conformity to the sentence, his body was delivered to a surgeon of the town for such anatomical operations as he might judge proper. The doctor bore off his prize with great glee; and having carried the body into his dissecting-room for the purpose of trying some experiment on it, he stripped it naked, and put it into a warm bath. Having left the room a moment, the doctor was not a little surprised and startled on his return, to find his *subject* sitting upright in the bath, and staring wildly about the room. The man himself seemed equally surprised; but after a little while an *eclaircissement* took place. The doctor found on examination that the neck of his new patient had not been broken, and that the hanging having produced only a suspension of animation, he had been revived by the effects of the bath. On this unexpected emergency, the surgeon was not a little puzzled what to do—whether to deliver the reviving felon to the civil authorities and have him hanged over again to better purpose, or to allow him to himself keep the gratification of a life which owned spared so providentially. At last the doctor's good nature prevailed, and, after demanding and receiving the most solemn assurance that he would leave the country immediately, renounce his wicked ways, and never again make free with the property of his neighbours, he suffered the house-breaker to escape.

In less than a year, this same felon was arrested for some new depredation, tried, convicted, and again sentenced to death. When the kind-hearted surgeon, who had before spared his life, heard of this new conviction, his curiosity and benevolence impelled him to visit the prisoner. He inquired of him with the greatest earnestness how he could possibly have renewed his depredations after having escaped so narrowly before, and in the face and eyes of his solemn protestations to renounce thieving forever? "Why doctor," said the felon, "I was born a thief, and there is no fighting against nature, to tell the truth, sir, on the occasion of our first acquaintance, when you entered the room and found me sitting upright in the bath, I was looking around *to see what I could steal.*"—*Boston Atlas.*

"I was reared in the same village where John M'Lean made his *debut* at the bar. If my information is correct, he was a weaver until the age of 17 or 18. The tliest after knowledge induced him to quit his trade and hire with a worthy man, a school master, (whose step daughter he afterwards married) to labor on his farm. The terms were that young M'Lean should labor morning, noon and evening, the board and instruction in the common branches of education. How long he remained with Mr. Nubbs, I do not know. He afterwards wrote in the Clerk's office at Cincinnati, where he studied law, in the intervals between the hours of labor at the desk. In the year 1805 or 6 he removed to Lebanon in the county of Warren, to which town and county, he will always advert with filial emotion: and established the Western Star, a paper still published there. Since that time his history is known. He has since been a member of Congress, a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Post-master General, and is now a member of the highest Judicial tribunal in the United States. Such was the spirit evinced by him for distinction at an early period, that it was a common observation of the old burghers, that 'John M'Lean would not rest until he was made President.'"

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

An anecdote relating to the capture of the Guerriere has lately gone the rounds of the press, which is stated to have been from an unquestionable source, and characteristic of the coolness, prudence, and superior skill of the gallant American commander. The anecdote is doubtless correct in each important particular, although we have often heard it related with some additions and slight variations, by a person who was on board the Constitution when the occurrence took place. His version was as follows:

The Guerriere was lying too. The Constitution was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under her topsails —every man was at his respective station, and all on board were eager for the contest,—when the Guerriere commenced the action at long shot. Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty-two pounder from the Guerriere took effect, and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieut. Morris immediately left his station on the gun-deck to report the same to the Commodore, and requested permission to return the fire, as the men were very anxious to engage the enemy.

"Mr. Morris," was the Commodore's reply, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck."

"Yes, sir."

"Well keep so—but do'nt let a gun be fired till I give the word."

In a few moments Mr. Morris again appeared and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving the enemy a broadside, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

"Mr. Morris," reiterated the Commodore, intently gazing on the English frigate, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?"

"Yes, sir—and it is impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement—Several of our bravest seamen are already killed and wounded—"

"Keep cool, Mr. Morris—keep cool. See all prepared and do not suffer a gun to be fired till I give the word."

The gallant Lieutenant went below. In a few minutes, the vessels having neared each other to within pistol shot distance, Morris was sent for to appear on the quarter-deck.

"Are you all ready for action, Mr. Morris," again demanded the Commodore."

"We are all ready, sir—and the men are uttering horrid imprecations because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy."

"Fire then, in God's name!" shouted the Commodore in a voice of thunder.

It is added, that he wore at the time a pair of nankeen *leggins*, and he accompanied this soul-cheering order with such a tremendous stamp on the deck with his right foot, that the unfortunate pantaloons were *split open from the knee to the waistband.*

The conduct of Decres, before and during the action, was such as might have been expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, Mass. at present a respectable ship-master out of Boston, had been pressed on board the Guerriere a few weeks previous to the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the Constitution was being done in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with an *American* frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter-deck, and respectfully but firmly represented to Capt. Decres, that he was an American citizen, who had been unjustly detained on board the English frigate; that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties which were assigned him; and that it could not reasonably be expected he would fight against his countrymen—he therefore begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.

The English Captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings, that he did not wish the Americans on board to fight against their countrymen, and he subsequently ordered them all into the cock-pit, to render assistance to the surgeon, if it should be necessary —Reed left the spar-deck after the Guerriere had commenced the action. Several *shot* were known to have taken effect, but the Constitution had not yet fired a gun—much to the amusement of the British tars, who predicted that the enemy would be taken without any resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war's-man, who was in the battle of the Nile, and gruffly observed, with a significant shake of the head—"That d——d Yankee knows what he's about."

After moments passed away, and the Constitution poured in her tremendous broad-side—every gun was double shotted and well pointed, and the effect which it had on the enemy can hardly be conceived. Mistimed jests and jeers at the improvable, but *horrible* Yankees, gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying; and *mistars* gone mutilated wretches were "tumbled down into the cock-pit," from the effects of the first broad-side!

Decres fought as long as a spar was standing and a gun could be brought to bear upon the foe—but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed and wounded, encumbering the decks, while the scuppers were streaming with gore, when the Guerriere, which a few hours before was justly considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water an unsightly, unmanageable mass when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud flag of his country, the gallant Briton began to think that he had got into an ugly scrape, from which he could not possibly extricate himself. He could no longer oppose even a feeble resistance to his more fortunate foe.

Capt. Hull sent an officer to take possession of the Guerriere. When he arrived along-side, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate, if he had struck.

Decres was extremely reluctant to make this concession in plain terms, but with a shrewdness which would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.

"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer," said he.

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" inquired the American Lieutenant.

"Not precisely," returned Decres; "but I don't know that it will be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you think it advisable, I will return aboard," replied the Yankee, "and we will resume the engagement."

"Why, I am pretty much *hors de combat already*," said Decres—"I have hardly men enough left to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."

"I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer,—"whether I am to consider you as a prisoner of war, or as enemy. I have no time for further parley."

"I believe there is now no alternative. If I could fight longer I would continue the battle;—but I—must—surrender—*my self—a prisoner of war!*"—Exeter News Letter.

A LOVE AFFAIR.—A neat little gentleman named Peregrine Brush, the very beau ideal of a band-box beau, and ridiculously proportioned as a colognia bottle, fell desperately in love, a few days since, with a tall young lady, who had finished her education and who was worth the expectation of certain sums of money, would be present. The information set Peregrine all agog—he rigged himself in all his Sunday-go-to-meeting's, borrowed all the chains and rings that could be obtained by entreaty, nibbed his hair flat to his skull with pomatum, and with his head hung by the ears upon his well-starched shirt collar, he made his appearance before Miss Euphamia. He certainly was too killing, as he sat upon a chair, behaving himself pretty, with a white pocket handkerchief in the washer-woman's fold, laid upon his knee. But Perry did not feel an angelic as he looked—his face was hot, and his hands cold—his mouth was as dry as a dust hole, and his heart, with a motion well known to the timid, bumped against his ribs until poor Perry was almost suffocated.

Warm weather, Miss? said Perry, all of a sudden, coloring a yet deeper crimson.

Nan? said Miss Euphemia, plating her hand to her ear, after the fashion of a crier of oysters, and opening her eyes to the utmost as she turned sharply round to Perry.

Pooty cool night, Miss, I calculate.

Yes, *pooty*, said the lady. A pause ensued.

Do you like jam sprue beer, Miss?

I expect, said the lady, smacking her lips with a report like a nine pounder.

So do I, said Perry.

Finding the lady so perfectly to his own mind, Peregrine mustered courage and played the agreeable for the rest of the evening so ably, that Miss Euphemia said that he was a genteelly fetched up young man, and cried to him, as they earnestly conversed together, "Do shut up, Mr. Brush, or I'll never speak to you the longest day I live"—a certain sign that Peregrine was in high favor. He conducted her to her home after the tea-party broke up, which was far into the morning.

Won't you walk in, Mr. Brush? O what a sweet night! Yes, feme! squalled mamma, from the head of the stairs, are you going to stay jawr-ring there all night?

Lawks! Mr. Brush, if there aint the old woman sputtering like a roasted apple. You had better mosey.

I am o-p-h. Won't you meet me round by the jail to-morrow night, you tempestual angelic?

That's tellings.

You, feme! reiterated ma.

Good evening! roared little Perry, as he swaggered down the street, feeling at least as big as the Irish giant. He met the lady as by appointment; her father and mother discovered their loves, and Euphemia was locked up. Perry, after much cogitation, resolved to serenade *her*, to keep his image fresh in her heart, which resolution was "of woes the direful spring." He placed himself under the window, and began with a doleful quaver:

"Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tinder swine"—

When he was suddenly shocked with a bucket of water. I'll swine you; you caterwauling little lump of mischief. Clear out—said a gruff imperious voice. Perry, though little, bears a heart as big as any man's; and shaking the water off like the dew-drops from the lion's mane, he commenced a broad sale of paving stones in reply to the cold bath. A bottle royal ensued. Perry was taken, and each party talked of their assault and battery pies. The matter, however, was compromised; and Perry gives a knowing wink whenever it is alluded to, as if implying that, though fine words butter no parsnips, he knows what he is about. The lady is an only child, and the more her parents say she shall not have the pocket Apollo, Peregrine Brush, Esq. the more she will. Perry has been seen of late attending vendue, and talking learnedly about going to house-keeping.

MORE WIDTH THAN LENGTH.—An Irishman travelling by night to Boston, over the Brighton Road, had made himself too familiar with a bottle of Rum which accompanied him, and he soon found that he was taking many steps without making much head-way. Meeting a person on the road, he enquired how far it was to the city, and was told three miles, his informant remarking, at the same time, that "it was a long way for him to walk with so heavy a load." "Och, fiblo, my darling," replied Patrick, "it's not the *length* of the road that I'd be caring for, but the *width* of it."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—A black servant being examined in the Church Catechism, by the minister of the Parish, was asked, "What are you made of?" Cato answered, "Of mud, Massa." On being told he should say "*of dust*," he replied, "No, Massa, it no do—no stick togedder."

LONDON SHARPERS.

A correspondent of the Metropolitan tells a good story of them. He had been robbed of his watch and safety chain without being aware of the depredation, and, he proceeds:—

"I was mentioning my adventure at dinner, and wondering how I could have been robbed so easily on the part of the thief and so unconsciously on the part of myself, when one of these practical wags whom one occasionally meets in society, and who happened to be of the party, declared with a look of lamb-like innocence, that he saw nothing at all strange in it: "for," said he, "the London pickpockets are so expert, that put your money where you will, they'll have it."

This I, unpacting nothing, ventured rather to doubt, whereupon this gentleman—for so I must call him—said that he would bet twenty pounds that, put my money where I pleased, a London thief should get it away from me between Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange.—This seemed to me, having conceived a little project of mine own for its frustration, a contrivance next to impossible; so when he said he would bet the twenty sovereigns, I said, Done, and he said, Done: who was done eventually you shall hear.

The only condition which was imposed upon me was to tell my friend where about my pennies I meant to carry my treasure; to this of course I consented, and then came out the depth of my contrivance and the ingenuity of my precautions. "A guinea," said I to the gentleman, "is the property I mean to preserve, and in order to do so, I mean to carry it in my mouth."

The company laughed heartily at my opponent, and gave me the greatest possible credit for my readiness, and we finished the evening with much hilarity, and at the close of our sitting, the following day was fixed for my experimental trial, viz. from King Charles the First at Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange on Cornhill.

Well! away I went, holding the golden pennisure of his late majesty George the Fourth, as tight between my teeth as I had formerly held a bit of wood while under the painful discipline of Dr. Waddington's birch at school, resolved that no power should induce me to let go my guinea.

All succeeded according to my wishes. The tall portal of Exeter Hall, already for Gog and Magog when they walk westward, and the lengthened avenue of Waterloo bridge, were passed in safety. Somerset House, the Strand Theatre, Jones's Lucifer shop, the Lancet office, Peel's banking house, and Twining's tea shop, were successfully achieved: when just thinking of an epigram on said shop, which I recollected to have seen some years since in a newspaper, and which, I dare say, every body else has forgotten, I repeated to myself the thing, which runs thus:

It seems as if nature had curiously planned
That names should with calling agree;
There's *Thaning*, the tea-man who lives in the Strand,
Would he *wining* if robbed of his T.

Just as I had finished, I heard a prodigious noise, and in a minute found myself in the middle of a crowd assembled, as it appeared to me, like Roderick Dhu's troopers at a preconcerted signal. There I was in the midst of it.—What then? said I; let what may occur I say nothing: I shall keep my mouth shut, and keep my golden opinion inside myself; nothing shall "drop from the honorable gentleman," which shall endanger my treasure and my bet.

"Come, what's all this here noise about?" said a policeman; "move on."

"Move on, Shir!" said a poor Jew boy, his eyes streaming with tears, "I vish I could move on; but dese cool gentlemens have run right against me and upset my box with all my razors, and combs, and shigars."

"Poor boy!" said one man, (a remarkably genteel looking individual,) "here my poor fellow!" and he picked up a comb for him. Then came another who handed him a razor or two, and so on, until it appeared to me he had collected nearly the whole contents of his box; when another gentleman said to him, "Well Moses, have you got all your razors safe together again?"

"All but my guinea, Sir," said the boy; "a guinea rich is all the monies I hafl in de whole varsal world; *dat* I shoppose is rolled in the mudo."

"Mudo, Moses?" said a little urchin with a snub nose and a hairy cap—I never shall forget his countenance—"what d'ye mean by mudo? I seed that ere gentleman with a black sooty pick it up ever so long ago."

The gentleman looked me full in the face, so did the rest of the people.

"What did he do with it, my dear?" said a Brobdignagian woman without a bonnet, addressing the imp who had just spoken.

"Vy, he vipt it into his mouth," said the urchin: "I seed him with my own eyes."

With whose eyes he should have seen such a sight except his own, I did not stay to ask; but I exclaimed, foaming with rage, "Why you little ——"

"Ah," bellowed the huge Amazon,

"The guardian naiad of the Strand,"

"if you hav'nt got it in your mouth, try don't you speak plain?"

Upon this the mob, policemen and all, put me to trial. Never were cross questions more fatal to a culprit, than the one embodied one-pound-one at that moment between my teeth was to me.

"Give the boy his money?" cried one; "Shame!" cried another. "You'd better give it up!" said the policeman; when, seeing several of the more active of the mobocracy falling to the rear, and arming themselves with sundry handfuls of thick Macadam pudding from the highway, I made a merit of necessity, gave the Jew boy my gold for *Ransom*, and slunk off to *Aberland's* to write a check for my lost twenty pounds.

MONEY, OR NO MONEY.

We have heard a very amusing story, of the mode of procedure of a famous *Cholera Curer* of this city. He does not visit his patients; on the contrary, they are such as are able to visit him. The first inquiry he makes, is respecting the state of their pockets; and he makes up his mind of the disease accordingly. To those who are very sick, he gives a vial of his *specific*, and charges ten dollars; to others, he merely deals out a few pills for which he charges nothing. Taking each patient aside, as his turn comes, he says to him—"Are you sick?" "Sick—some money!"

"No, sir, I'm very poor, indeed."

"*Very poor!* eh? *Sair, me ver sorry for you*—*ver sorry, indeed sair.*"

"I have no money at all—I'm as poor as Job's turkies."

"Eh! no money at all? poor as de Job Turk? Mon Dieu! Me *ver sorry* for you. *Sair*, me feely your pulse. Not much bad—not much bad. No money, eh! Vy, sir, I ave de grand pleasure to say, sair, dat you have lectul cholera—very lectul—not much—you get well—you no ver bad, sair—you got no money. I charge me you nossin at all, sair."

Having dismissed this patient, he calls in another, and puts the same important questions respecting the state of his finances. Finding them favourable, he proceeds to examine the tongue, the pulse, and so forth. He then shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head ominously, and exclaims: "Mon Dieu! Ver bad—ver bad! *Sair*, you ave got de ver bad cholera—ver bad—you tong, you pulse—tout ver bad. No no use to give you de leetul drop or two of my *specific*, to cure you; but, *sair*, you ave got de ver bad cholera about you. You will die, *sair*, unless you take my grand specific. Nossin but dat will your life save. You go to diable quick, you no take it. Dis val will cury you. I savy your life, *sair*—I must charghe you for him. De grand specific is ver costly—I must charghe you *ten dollar*."

The patient takes his vial of the grand cholera specific, pays the ten dollars, and in his turn gives way to some new patient—the violence of whose disease is to be determined by the amount he has in his pocket.—*Constellation.*

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

Englishmen do not, I think, so readily divest themselves of their preconceived ideas when reflecting on the situation of America, and are apt to continue bigoted in their own hypothesis, notwithstanding the frequent contradictions from facts and practical results to which they are continually subjected. It would be difficult otherwise to account for the erroneous views that are so often taken of the American republic; and for the condemnation of a system pursued with such remarkable success in one country, because it is not adapted to the circumstances of another.—As all human institutions carry with them, from the first moment of their origin, the seeds of their own decay, or dissolution, it would be folly to expect that the American constitution should not share in the general imperfection of our nature. But, so far from considering the political system of the United States as peculiarly fraught with danger to its own existence; and built upon imprudently slight foundations, I conceive it to be better adapted for the security, good government and welfare of the American people, than any which could, perhaps, under their peculiar circumstances be constructed; for this simple opinion is supported by the authority of writers by no means friendly to popular governments. The constitution of America was the work of the combined talent and experience of men of sagacity and information, well acquainted with the wants and habits of their own country, and not ill versed in the theories or practices of others; and they constructed their institutions upon a foundation of experience and practical ability to suit the peculiar circumstances of their countrymen. Hitherto, their system has worked wonderfully for the prosperity of the United States, and it is not one of its least advantages, that any necessary change or amelioration is foreseen and provided for with such careful precautions and restrictions as prospectively secure a remedy for future want and changes of circumstances. It appears, I think, likely to last, and adapt itself to the institutions brought on by the lapse of years, with, at least, as fair a prospect of success as the nature of most human institutions can promise.—*Dalby's Remarks on the Statistics of the U. S.*

THE TIMES PRINTING OFFICE.—The establishment of *The Times* newspaper is an example on a large scale, of a manufactory in which the division of labor, both mental and bodily, is admirably illustrated, and in which also the effect of domestic economy is not unexemplified. It is scarcely imagined by the thousands that read that paper in various quarters of the globe, what a scene of organization and activity the factory presents during the whole night, or what a quantity of talent and mechanical skill is put in action for their amusement and information. Nearly 100 persons are employed in this establishment; and during the season of Parliament, at least 12 reporters are constantly attending the Houses of Commons and Lords; each in his turn, after about an hour's work, retiring to translate in ordinary writing, the speech he has just heard and noted in short hand. In the meantime 50 compositors are constantly at work, and the first column is already set up at the beginning, whilst others are committing to type the yet undried manuscript of the continuation of a speech, whose middle portion is travelling to the office in the pocket of the hasty reporter, and whose eloquent conclusion is, perhaps, at that very moment making the walls of St. Stephens vibrate with the applause of its hearers. These congregated types, as fast as they are composed, are passed in portions to other hands, till at last the scattered fragments of the debate, forming, when united with the ordinary matter, eight and forty columns, reappearing to regular order on the platform of the printing press. The land of man is now too slow for the demands of his curiosity, but the power of steam comes to his assistance. Ink is rapidly supplied to the moving types by the most perfect mechanism; four attendants incessantly introduce the edges of large sheets of white paper to the junction of two great rollers, which seem to devour them with unsated appetite; other rollers convey them into rapid and successive contact; re-deliver them to other assistance completely printed by the almost momentary touch. Thus, in one hour, 4000 sheets of paper are printed on one side; an impression of 12,000 copies, from above 300,000 moveable pieces of metal, is produced for the public in six hours."—*Mr. Babbage's Economy of Manufacture.*

It is a fact worth noticing, that every man who can mind watch on a sunny day, has a ready and efficient means of *obtaining fire* when the sun is near his meridian altitude. If the crystal of the watch be opened and filled with water, it forms a plano-convex lens, by which the solar rays are reduced to a focus, which being thrown on any dark combustible body, will cause it to take fire.

EGGS.

An egg is one of the most surprising productions in the world. Suppose an egg were put into the hand of a person who had never known or heard of such a thing, and the question were put to him to what good purpose could it be applied? He would, of course, break the shell and see its contents; and what would he find them to be? A gluey, colorless liquid, surrounding another liquid of an orange or yellow color. You might let him make thousands of conjectures; but could it ever enter his mind that such a substance would produce a sparrow, a thrush, a swan, or an eagle! But give him a hint upon the subject; give him an egg and let him know that it will bring forth a chick. After this advance in a knowledge of the thing, let him in possession of another egg. He may see, of course that in color and size are different from the one that produced the dove; but the contents are exactly similar, and, at least as human perception can ascertain: and what would then be his conclusion? Could his imagination ever conjure up, even in the brightest moments of inspired genius, the idea of a peacock? Yet the peacock, in all its glory of dazzling colors, is the product of a little slimy fluid contained in a capsule of chalk, and in nowise different so far as we can perceive from the bare dear fowl. Has not the hand of Divinity here written, almost without a metaphor, in letters of gold, the wonders of its creative power? Look at a single feather of a peacock's tail: consider that its shining metallic lustre, its superbly beautiful eye, and all its various colors, is the product of a little slimy fluid confined in a capsule of chalk, and in nowise different so far as we can perceive from the bare dear fowl. Has not the hand of Divinity here written, almost without a metaphor, in letters of gold, the wonders of its creative power!